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COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Opportunity

MR Foster Dulles did not break a lot of new ground in his address to the United Nations General Assembly, but he wins admiration and congratulations for the fine balance of his peroration. He engaged in no high optimism, but he gave a forceful impression that the world right now possesses the biggest opportunity of a decade to bring about a lasting peace. The Geneva "summit" meeting started something, as it was intended to do, but it has yet to be determined precisely what it could result, as Mr Dulles hopes it will, in a "decade of true peace," although the implied time limitation is a trifle disconcerting. It could finally reveal itself as nothing more than a gesture on the part of the Russian rulers. But in some shape or another it must have its impact on future world events, and the great expectation is that this will become manifest during the new session of the General Assembly. The dominant question is whether the goodwill and friendly spirit of the Geneva meeting can be sustained by the East and West within the United Nations; whether the Communist bloc can enlarge their ideas of co-existence to co-operation and thereby give substance to the aims and ideals upon which the Big Four leaders found agreement.

ALTHOUGH there was a tendency for the "summit" talks to give the impression that questions such as disarmament, the security of Europe, the reunification of Germany and other international problems were exclusively the concern of the Big Four, the reality is that in all these issues the United Nations Organisation has a dominating interest. It is this fact which imposes great importance to the deliberations of the UN during its new session. Mr Foster Dulles, speaking for the Western world, has indicated the willingness of the democracies to work unrelentingly towards the goal of peace, and to do so in a practical manner. All that remains is for the Soviet Union and her associates to do likewise. Geneva prepared the ground and the way is open for substantial progress during the coming months towards creating entirely new international relations. There may not recur such a splendid opportunity for realising the desires and hopes of the people of the world.

BURGESS, MACLEAN DRAMA

Beat Security Officers By A Few Hours

WHITE PAPER DISCLOSURES ON DIPLOMAT SPIES

London, Sept. 23.

A Government White Paper revealed tonight that the two British diplomats, Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, fled from Britain on the very day that Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison ordered an interrogation of Maclean.

The Government statement however shed no light on whether a "third man" had tipped off the two diplomats, who are now believed to be in Moscow as advisers to the Soviet Foreign Ministry.

The White Paper implicated Maclean in giving secret information to the Soviet Union but made no reference at all to the activities of Burgess, apart from the fact that he had Communist sympathies while at Cambridge University.

The White Paper indicated that Maclean had been spying for the Soviet Union for "some years" before January, 1949.

Defending itself against criticism for not having arrested Maclean and the other missing diplomat, Guy Burgess, before they could flee the country, the Government said:

"In some countries no doubt, Maclean would have been arrested first and questioned afterwards. In this country, no arrest can be made without adequate evidence."

The White Paper stated that in January, 1949, the security authorities received a report that certain Foreign Office informants had leaked to the Soviet authorities some years earlier.

The field of suspicion had been narrowed by mid-April, 1951, to two or three persons. By the beginning of May, Maclean had come to be regarded as the principal suspect.

The White Paper said that Maclean and Burgess gave no evidence during the course of their career in the Foreign Service of any association other than would be normal between two colleagues.

"It is now clear that they were in communication with each other after the return of Burgess from Washington in 1951 and they may have been in such communication earlier."

He Knew

The White Paper said: "It is now clear that in spite of the precautions taken by the authorities, Maclean must have become aware at some time before his disappearance, that he was under investigation."

"One explanation may be that he was no longer receiving certain types of secret papers. It is also possible that he

detected he was under observation. Or he may have been warned. Searching enquiries involving individual interrogations were made into this last possibility. Insufficient evidence was obtainable to form a definite conclusion or to warrant prosecution."

Maclean, at the time he was under investigation, was head of the American Department of the Foreign Office. The White Paper did not specify when Burgess came under suspicion. The White Paper indicated that since their escape behind the Iron Curtain, Maclean and Burgess had lived near Moscow. They were used as "advisers to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and other Soviet agencies."

The White Paper said that, up to the time of Maclean's escape, there was "no legally admissible evidence to support a prosecution under the official secrets act."

Narrow Escape

On May 25, 1951, the very day the two diplomats disappeared, the then Foreign Secretary, Mr Herbert Morrison, authorised the security services to question Maclean.

The statement said that both diplomats, while students at Cambridge University in the early 1930's, had shown Communist sympathies. There was no evidence that Maclean had ever been a member of the Communist Party and both, on leaving the university, had outwardly renounced Communist views.

The White Paper said that the two diplomats left Maclean's home at Tatsfield, Kent, on Friday night, May 25, 1951. They crossed from Southampton to St. Malo the same night, leaving on board the Channel steamer their baggage and a few clothes. They were thought to have taken a taxi to Rennes and then to have caught a train to Paris. They were never seen again.

Mrs Dunbar, mother-in-law of Maclean, told the Foreign Office in confidence that on August 3, 1951, she received two registered letters posted in St. Gallen, Switzerland, containing drafts on London banks

for two separate sums of £1,000. Both drafts had been remitted by a Mr Robert Becker whose address was given as the Hotel Central, Zurich. The name given was probably false.

Cleverly Planned

The White Paper said that Mrs Maclean's flight to join her husband behind the Iron Curtain was clearly "cleverly planned". As an American citizen, the British Government had no power to prevent her leaving the country and going to Switzerland.

TYPHOON KATE LATEST

The Royal Observatory this morning reported that Typhoon Kate was centred within 120 miles of 18 deg. N and 118 deg. E, moving west or west-north-west at 12 knots.

This places the storm west of northern Luzon and between 300 and 400 miles southeast of Hongkong. If the typhoon continues on its present course it should pass south of the Colony.

It appeared that she arrived at Schwartzach, Austria, in the American zone of Austria, on September 12, 1953 after crossing the frontier from Switzerland. There she and her children were met by an unidentified man who took them away by car, probably to the Soviet zone.

The White Paper said that the refugee Soviet diplomat, Vladimir Petrov, had confirmed that Maclean and Burgess had gone to the Soviet Union where they had been joined by Mrs Maclean.

The Government defended itself against criticisms of its silence on the case by saying that counter-espionage depends for its success on the maximum secrecy.

100 Killed By Hurricane In Barbados

Miami, Florida, Sept. 23.

Hurricane Janet was reported here today to have killed at least 100 people and left thousands homeless in the British island of Barbados.

A state of emergency was declared in Barbados, a 168-square-mile British-owned island with a population of 200,000. Wreckage was reported strewn across roads and the damage to sugar cane, the island's chief crop, was estimated at millions of dollars.

Other islands of the Windward group, near Barbados were enveloped in silence despite a call for information from them by the United States Weather Bureau.

St Vincent, due west of Barbados, and possibly Grenada to the south, were believed to have been struck by the hurricane.—Reuter.

West German Border Shooting

Hof, Germany, Sept. 23. A Communist military patrol crossed the border into West Germany yesterday and fired on a US Army patrol, the army said today.

A spokesman said the "unidentified" patrol was 100 yards within West German territory. There were no casualties, and the US patrol did not return fire, he added.

The incident took place six miles from the Bavarian border town which is a few miles north of the Czechoslovak border.—United Press.

Bulgania's Opinion

Denver, Sept. 23. Mr Nikolai Bulganin, Soviet Premier, declared in a message to President Eisenhower that Mr Eisenhower's plan for exchanging military blueprints "would become significant only if agreement is reached on the reduction of armaments and on taking measures for the prohibition of atomic weapons."—Reuter.

Cyprus Not For Discussion

United Nations, Sept. 23. The United Nations plenary General Assembly today decided not to put the Cyprus issue on the Assembly's agenda. The voting was 28 to 22 with 10 abstentions.—France-Press.

Script Writer Saddens BBC Listeners

London, Sept. 23.

British housewives wept today for the fictitious heroine of their favourite radio serial. She was killed off by a script writer for the British Broadcasting Corporation. Some 9,000,000 listeners to "The Archers—An Everyday Story of Country Folk," last night heard the heroine, Grace Archer, die in the arms of her husband after being trapped in a burning barn. Hundreds of women called the BBC to ask why Grace had been killed. Many offered aid to the "bereaved husband."

A family in Dover pulled down the blinds in their

home as a sign of mourning. Viewers in Birmingham cancelled a movie date.

One unhappy housewife told the BBC: "I don't see any reason for getting rid of Grace. She and Phillip haven't been married long and they seem to be happy. Why did she have to die?"

A BBC spokesman said the episode was planned last March because writer Ed Mason decided to eliminate Grace from the plot. "We want to keep the programme realistic," said the spokesman. "Normal families have deaths and other tragedies—why not the Archers?"—United Press.

Rioting Breaks Out In Buenos Aires

Buenos Aires, Sept. 23.

Pro-Peron workers staged riots today within a few hours of the triumphant inauguration of General Eduardo Lonardi as new President of Argentina.

Armoured cars fired on advancing demonstrators at Rosario City, about 100 miles northwest of Buenos Aires. In the capital itself, there were riots in working class suburbs to the south of the city.

The government broadcast an appeal to the Rosario rioters to disband, warning that anti-personnel bombs would be used by the Air Force if they failed to respond. Rosario is Argentina's second city, with a population of more than 500,000.

CARS STONED

In the Buenos Aires dock area, pro-Peron demonstrators advanced threateningly towards power plants of the Argentine Electricity Company, stoning cars on the way.

Armoured units rushed to the southern suburbs to disband the crowds. Drawbridges over a waterway separating the area from other parts of Buenos Aires were raised.

Buenos Aires radio appealed for calm as other parts of the capital resounded to the cheers of people thronging the streets celebrating the replacement of Peron, whose nine-year-old regime was toppled on Monday by General Lonardi's forces.

One of the city's riot centres was the manufacturing area of Avellaneda, across the River Riachuelo, where workers 30 years ago rose up against army leaders who had imprisoned Peron, then a vice-president.—Reuter.

Ex-MP Count Sues City Of Paris

Paris, Sept. 23.

Count Arnold Bendern of Liechtenstein, who was once a Liberal member of the British parliament, today sued the city of Paris for the return of 420 acres of land he donated for a garden city.

His legal representative, Maître René Floriot, said the Count donated the land on condition that the building of the garden city at Beaugrenard, near here, began within five years of the donation. More than five years have passed and nothing had been done, Maître Floriot said.

The judge in chambers nominated an expert to check that work had not yet begun and Maître Floriot said his client would revoke the donation as soon as this had been proved.

Count Arnold Bendern, born Maurice Arnold Bendern, represented East Han North Division, in the House of Commons from 1911 to 1918.

He took Liechtenstein nationality in 1932 and became a diplomatic counsellor in the principality on the eastern border of Switzerland.

Now 76 years old he is reputed to be fabulously wealthy and owns property in Biarritz, the Côte d'Azur and Switzerland.—Reuter.

Dulles Not Impressed

Washington, Sept. 23.

The American Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, declared that the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr Molotov's speech today before the United Nations General Assembly seemed at first impression only to be a reiteration of the Soviet position.

Mr Dulles made his statement upon his arrival here from New York, where he attended today's session of the General Assembly.

"At first impression it seemed to me to be a restatement of old positions. I didn't see anything new in it."

Dulles accused Molotov of quoting out of context his speech to the General Assembly yesterday. "He quoted me as saying that disarmament is not possible. But what I did say was that under conditions of fear, disarmament is very difficult. I also said that if fear were removed, disarmament would be possible."—France-Press.

CONSUL'S SUICIDE

Ceylon, Sept. 23.

The Swedish Consul in Ceylon, George Olof Widgren, was found dead in his bedroom this morning. An inquest handed down a verdict of death by suicide from an overdose of sleeping pills.

A note was found on Widgren's bed-table which read: "Freda, I love you." The note was signed simply "G."

The inquest established that the "Freda" referred to was probably the wife of Mr K. P. F. Witt, Danish Consul to Ceylon.

Witt, who testified at the inquest, said Widgren had frequently made protestations of love to his wife, but that he, Witt, had never taken them seriously.

Widgren, who was 55 years old, divorced in Sweden, had lived in a big house in Colombo with three servants and a chauffeur.—France-Press.

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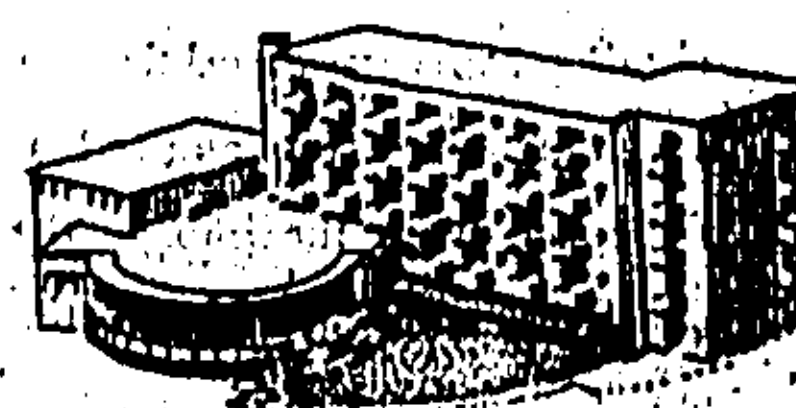
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The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Reap the Wild Wind". Sea adventure off the Florida coast. Ray Milland, John Wayne, Paulette Goddard, Raymond Massey, Susan Hayward and Robert Triston.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The Philadelphia Story". Fun and games in Philadelphia's social set. Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Rage at Dawn". A western. Randolph Scott, Forrest Tucker and Mala Powers.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Footsteps in the Fog". A melodrama. Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Tokyo Interlude". An unhappy love affair for Li Li-Hwa.

COMING

EMPIRE: "The Black Pirate". And that a church has been built over the site and a village has grown up around it. Problem: How to get the treasure.

HOOPER and LIBERTY: "The Philadelphiad Story". A happy musical with plenty of pep and a good cast. Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Ann Miller, Vic Damone, Tony Martin and Russ Tamblyn.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "New Orleans Uncensored". The cleaning-up of a mob-ruled city. Arthur Franz and Beverly Garland.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Other Woman". Murder and blackmail. Hugo Haas and Oleo Moore.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Rebellion of the Armada". A tale of revolution in Mexico. Pedro Armendariz.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Paris By Night". A French musical comedy.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Seven Year Itch". The moral of the tale is that it is foolish to go off alone on holiday, leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl in the next apartment. Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell.

Blackmail And Murder

Hugo Haas is well-known for making films on a shoe-string. His pictures nearly always have violence as their mainspring and they usually pack a mental punch in addition to their action.

He writes, directs, produces and stars in his pictures—and also finds the money to finance them.

Too independent and unorthodox to be classed with other movie moguls, his films are never dull, and although I haven't been able to see his latest at the Roxy and Broadway — "The Other Woman" — its theme of blackmail and murder sounds meaty enough to please all thriller fans.

The "other woman" of the title is Oleo Moore, who has been in five previous pictures made by the Czechoslovakian.

Complicated Part Played Well

"Footsteps in the Fog" is a murky melodrama with murder as its theme.

The sombre colouring reflects the mood, and the players, with the exception of Bellinda Lee, (who is being built up in England as a star and who so far only possesses the required looks without the talent) are universally competent.

Jean Simmons' ability surprised me. Her performances before have been limited in range and she has often appeared to be not much more than a walking doll, wound up and manipulated by the director.

In "Footsteps in the Fog" however, she has a complicated part to play and does it well.

The household in which she is a hard-worked little maid has an air of gloom that contrasts well with her cockney cockiness.

Her handsome master is "recovering" from the tragic death of his wife — a woman older than himself and wealthy.

Jean Simmons' sly hints to him that she knows more than he thinks gain her a lift in the world and she rises to the position of housekeeper.

Her attitude is a mixture of self-satisfied composure, uncritical passion for her master, and moments of self-doubt.

She knows that her former mistress has been cleverly poisoned, she has revealed to Stewart Granger that she knows his secret and she lets him realise that as long as he treats her properly, i.e. makes her his mistress, she will never go to the police about him.

In spite of her cunning one is forced to feel sorry for her. In her little mind, she is being diabolically clever, but it is quite obvious that she is no match for the suave killer.

Her love for him is very real, and even when she realises that he has killed a second time, mistakenly thinking that it was she who was cubbing to death in the fog, she lies to save him.

Jean Simmons is so delicate and helpless in spite of her machinations that one is reminded more of a butterfly impaled alive on a pin, rather than a cheap little schemer.

The melodrama is not laid on too thickly and Stewart Granger acts well.

An Entertaining Western

Passing lightly over the absurdity of the title (a favourite grouse of mine, as you may recall) "Rage at Dawn" is quite an entertaining western.

In fact the movie-makers have gone as far as to say that this is not a western at all but an "outlaw" tale.

The distinction is too subtle for debate, but perhaps indicates that the term "western" may be gathering a little moss around it.

The laws whose tale is told in "Rage at Dawn" are the Reno Brothers who were the forerunners of Hollywood's more money-spinners, the Daltons, the James Brothers and the "Cisco Kid".

The deeds and misdeeds of the latter having been told from every possible angle, the Reno's are probably coming in for more detailed attention and all western fans would be advised to get in on the ground floor history of the latest set of 19th century wild west juvenile delinquents.

We're introduced to the story line as they ride casually into a new town. Their object is the Bank, and the operation

has been planned with a mixture of animal cunning and intelligence by Frank Reno, played by Forrest Tucker. It misfires and the subsequent conference back at the hide-out establishes the characters of the brothers.

They are a varied lot. Frank himself is morose, almost pathologically jealous of their lovely sister, who keeps house for them. J. Carroll Nash likes to drink but faced with a lynching shows his love of living with much too much frankness for the liking of his more stoical brothers.

Brother Clint, like sister Mala Powers, is against the lawless life the others lead, but has too much family feeling to give them away.

There's an unusual slant on the hatred between North and South that was supposed to exist long after the Civil War was over.

This picture is set in the period just after the war, yet a North American detective agency has complete faith in an acknowledged Southern spy and sends him off to capture the Reno gang, with carte blanche to use any methods of capture he thinks fit.

Edgar Buchanan's voice rasps its recently-acquired villainy and I thought he had more charm than the rather patched-up looks of hero Randolph Scott.

Sea Adventure In The '40's

Made some years ago when Susan Hayward was just a starlet, "Reap the Wild Wind" is a sea adventure story on a grand scale.

It deals with the days of the 1840's in America, when the sea lanes off the Florida coast were menaced by pirates.

John Wayne plays the role of ship's captain, with all the lugubrious swagger that has made him such an established box office favourite over the years.

In contrast, Ray Milland is smooth, and apparently a top-placed member of the Charleston aristocracy until his true colours are revealed.

As a cowboy beauty from the Florida Keys, Paulette Goddard despises him, but attempts to gain his interest, although engaged to marry John Wayne.

As for the rest of the cast, there's Raymond Massey, scowling and growling his orders to his pirate crew, Robert Preston, the romantically concerned, and Lynne Overman in a character role.

A Good Comedy Returns

It's not fashionable at the moment to praise the reissues at the expense of the present-day pictures, so I'm asking for trouble when I say that "The Philadelphia Story" is one of the wittiest comedies I have seen for some time.

It pokes fun at convention without ridiculing natural dignity. It lambasts Big Business for its tricksters but doesn't deny wealth and position to those whose methods have been fair, and above all it makes allowances for human frailty.

Katharine Hepburn plays the leading lady.

Born into a home where the cut of one's clothes matters more than the kindness of one's views on less superior beings, she is a snob of the first water.

Her remarks are cutting, and calculated to show everyone that she knows what she wants and is beautiful enough and of a powerful enough family to get it with the faint wave of an elegant hand.

The plot of course centres on her graceful toppling from her perch into the arms of a man she had once spurned as not living up to her standards.

She is about to marry John Howard, considered unsuitable by everyone but herself when her former husband, Cary Grant, arrives on the scene.

Much to her disgust, he is revealed with open arms by her Uncle Willie — played with his usual puzzled insouciance by Roland Young and her young sister, (I wonder if you'll remember Virginia Wilder?)

Enter A Reporter, James Stewart

With the gay abandon of a man who knows that whatever social sins he commits will be either forgiven or forgotten, Cary Grant introduces his wife, the wedding-bound, Stewart and his photographer, Ruth Hussey.

James Stewart accomplishes almost disinterestedly what husband Cary had failed to do before — he breaks down Hepburn's reserve. The warmth in her comes to the surface in time to stop her committing a second mistake.

On the face of it it's not an inspired story, but there's so much character observation, punchy dialogue and spirited fun woven into it that it's a picture you'll remember again and again after the more serious ones have faded.

The three principals have seldom shown more ease in their parts and it almost merits the "masterpiece" adjective used by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in advertising it.

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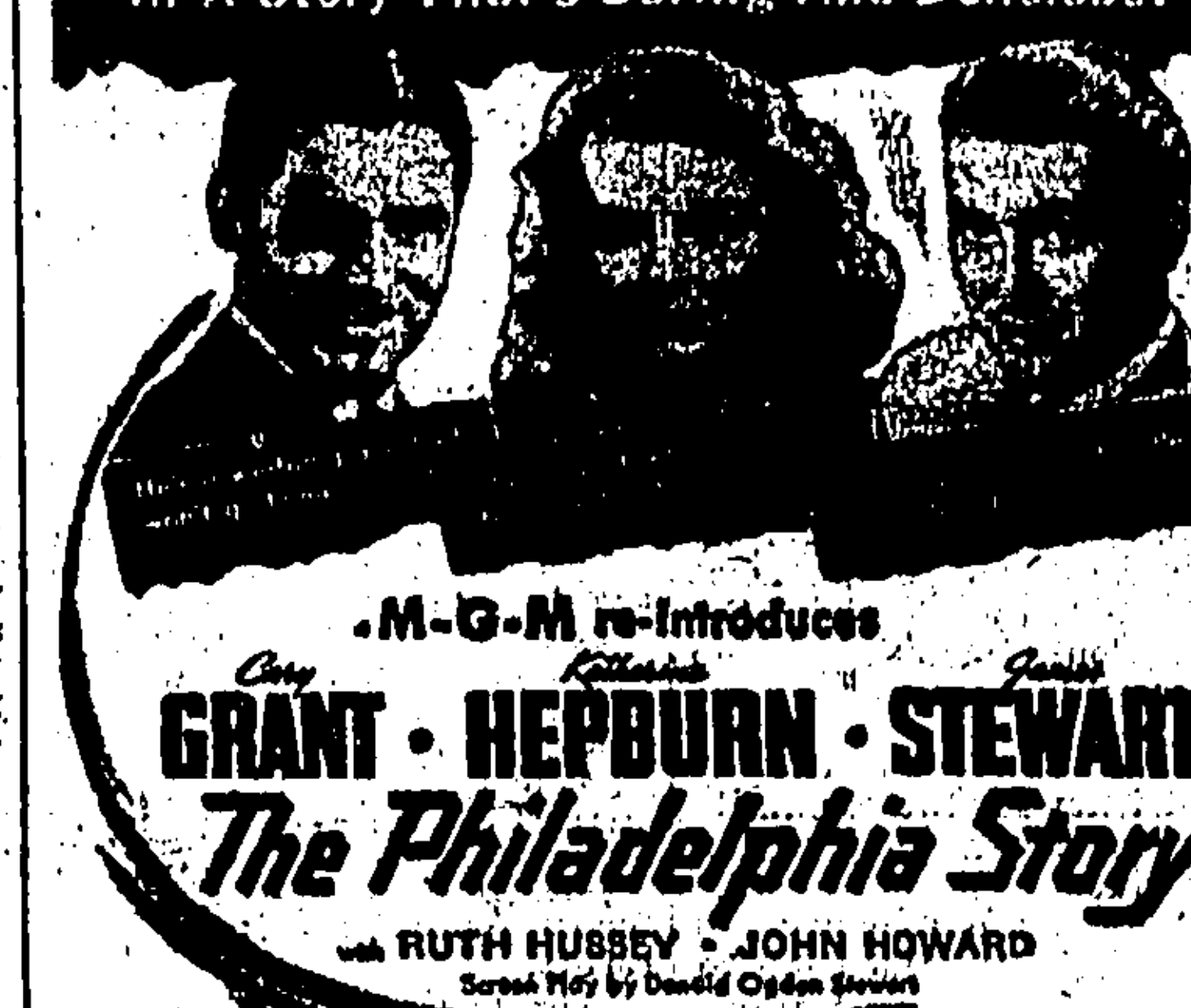
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Special Morning Show to-morrow at 12.30 p.m.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A Concert Violinist Goes To Sea

Montreal. A 105-ft. battle-tested former Canadian Navy submarine chaser has become the permanent home of a concert-violinist turned sea-dog.

From Paganini to grizzled sea captain is a long way, but British-born George H. Lapenson, a 34-year-old musician turned skipper, explained that he has been sea-conscious most of his life. So it didn't seem too strange when he bought the war surplus craft.

"It's been my dream to own my craft and sail the high seas," Mr. Lapenson said.

Mr. Lapenson changed the name to "Tiziane"—the name of a radio programme on which he performed on a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation network.

Father Said 'No'
"The Captain," as he now calls himself, was born in Chatham, England, but spent his youth in Latvia near the Baltic where he acquired his first love, for the sea.

He had wanted to go before the mast, but his father had different ideas and as a result George ended up as one of the finest interpreters of Paganini in Europe and as an instructor at the Paris Conservatory of Music.

The sleek craft, anchored in the St Lawrence River, is undergoing a complete mechanical overhaul. Mr. Lapenson said he would sail by early spring. A five-man Latvian crew has been lined up for the first trip which will be a breeding-in run to Florida and then, if all goes well, to Europe.

Mr. Lapenson, whose only marine experience consisted of a short term with the Royal Navy during the war, wanted to buy a boat after the war when there were many available, but said he didn't have the money at that time.—United Press.

A Zoo Plans An Antelope's Dream Home

Washington. Smart antelopes—those looking for a really comfortable life—will put up in the future at the National Zoological Park.

Zoo Director Dr. William Mann said he wanted to build America's smartest antelope house. Tentative plans call for modern design curves, all-year Florida climate, and a swimming pool.

"We've been looking over antelope houses all over the country and now we plan to build the best," Dr. Mann said. "I don't know what it will cost yet. We're asking congress for \$15,000 to pay for drawing up plans," he said.

Dr. Mann said the model home for antelope would probably have about 40 cages. This would house from 12 to 20 varieties of antelope from ones the size of rabbits to ones almost as big as cows.

They Like Swamps
Also there'll be some tropical buffaloes, wild pigs and kangaroos.

"We are thinking of curving cage fronts to break up the crackerbox look you see in so many zoos," Dr. Mann said. "And we'll probably have a special pool for the sitinganga antelope. They like to live in swamps."

The temperature will be maintained at 65 to 70 degrees. Dr. Mann said the general decor is being left up to the architects.

The zoo does not expect any trouble in getting plenty of antelope once the deluxe quarters are completed.

"Most of them come from Africa and India," Dr. Mann said. "But you can buy all you want in this country. We haven't done this because we did not have the facilities."

For example, the zoo was given a sitinganga from Chicago a few years ago. "It died," Dr. Mann said, sadly. "No pool. Not even a swamp."—United Press.

NOW A HAT IS A HAT!

New York. "Everything has been eliminated," hat designer John Frederick signed, expressing the modern woman's preference for simplicity in clothing in a different way.

"Women want small hats that are convenient for travelling and easy to get in and out of cars with," he said.

Madrasa, India, hats are out.—United Press.

From Vancouver: An Ex-Serviceman Says "Thank You" To The Authors Of A Best-seller.

From Brussels: Scientists And Explorers Plan To Visit Antarctica In Force.

From New York: Doctors Warn Their Colleagues To Use Penicillin Carefully.

From Los Angeles: A 100-year-old Egg Suddenly Hatches After A Flood.

Girl Guides Do Their Good Deed By Adopting "Grandparents"

New York.

More than 600 elderly men and women have been "adopted" by teenage girls in New York in a unique project that is beginning to spread to other parts of the United States.

An adopted grandparent, the old people suddenly find themselves getting cards on their birthdays, candy at Easter, unexpected visits from youngsters and even a night out now and then.

MOST SUCCESSFUL PROJECT

One grandfather became so popular that the girls' parents began including him in family outings.

"It is one of our most successful projects," a girl scout official said. Girl scout troops in the metropolitan area started

the grandparent adoption five years ago. Recently other cities became interested in the idea.

"The girls gain as much from it as the old people," one director of an old people's home said. "We didn't think of that when we first agreed to let them adopt some of our residents. But the girls learn something about the way old people live. They rarely have grandparents in their homes these days—there isn't room. So this is good experience for them."

A man started the idea. He was the recreation director for 1,800 old people living in a city-financed home and hospital on Welfare Island. A check of the records showed that 1,700 of the residents were never visited by relatives or remembered on holidays.

"Nobody was interested in them," Mr. Arthur Holtzman said. "So any attention the youngsters showed them was invaluable." Now, five years later, 8,000 girls have some part in the lives of 523 old people living in homes for the aged in five New York boroughs.

HE'D FORGOTTEN HIS BIRTHDAY

Occasionally a prospective grandparent is apprehensive. One old man worried that he wouldn't know what to talk about when his scout troop arrived for a visit.

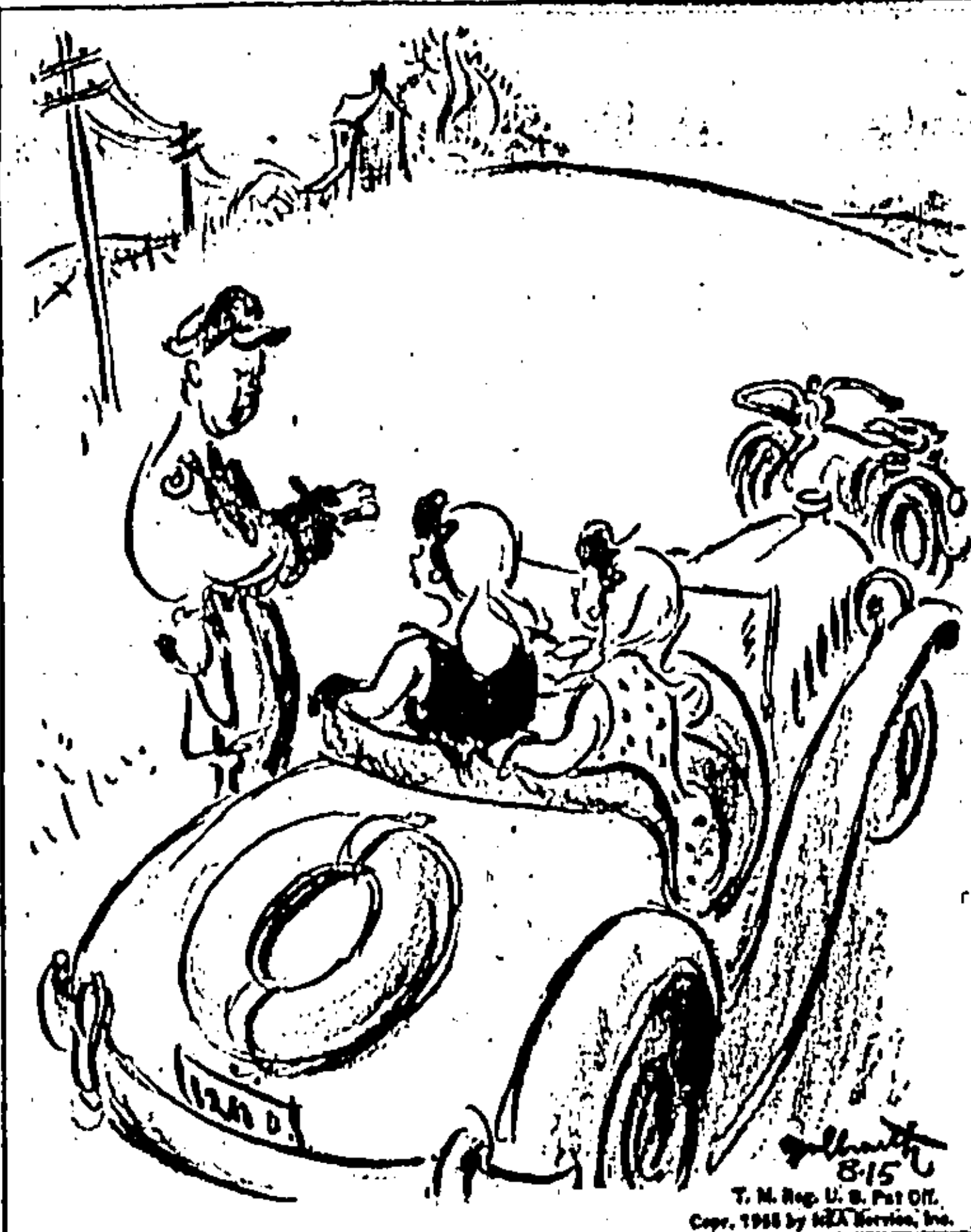
The visit ended with the girls sitting on the floor and their adopted grandfather reading them poems he had written and kept carefully hidden away.

Another troop discovered their adopted grandfather had forgotten his birthday. They picked a day convenient for him, designated it as his birthday, and invited him to a surprise birthday party.

"We intend to keep our adopted grandmothers as long as we are a troop," a group of girls from 10 to 13 years old wrote the National Scout Council. "She is 94 years old now—and we hope she lives to be at least 100."

Individual attention is the key to the project's success, Mr. Holtzman believes. Generous groups visit the old age wards regularly to hand out cigarettes, candy and other gifts. "But when 20 girls concentrate on the old person—that really does something for him," Mr. Holtzman said.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I know it's a sport car, miss! I even know the game we've been playing for two miles—hide-and-seek!"

He Wants To Thank The Authors Of 'Above Us The Waves'

Vancouver. A 34-year-old former naval pilot accepted—with some amazement—the windfall sum of more than \$200 from the British Admiralty.

Airlines passenger agent Rodney Dove owes his sudden fortune to the Benson and Warren best-seller, "Above Us The Waves."

His story began during World War II, when he served as a Royal Navy pilot on two-man torpedoes which operated from midge submarines.

The two-seater torpedo would be launched from the submarine, and two frogmen would guide the self-propelled load of dynamite below the sea into an enemy harbour.

Defending harbour defences they would fasten the torpedo to the hull of an enemy ship, set a time-gadget for the explosion, and attempt to make it back to the waiting submarine before the blast.

Describing his eventual capture by enemy forces, Mr. Dove said: "Ten of us went in. At Palermo, in Sicily on five occasions I was one of six captured. Two were killed, two were shipped back to the States."

Mr. Dove believes he is the only one living in Canada of the eight or 10 men who received the book. He said he had been made a British pilot officer.

Thirteen Nations Will Send Expeditions To The Frozen South

Brussels. The lonely forbidding wastes of the Antarctic continent are going to be the mecca for explorers and scientists during the 1957-58 Geophysical Year.

Thirteen nations have informed the Antarctic working group in Brussels of plans to visit and explore Antarctica with icebreakers, planes and helicopters packed with the latest scientific instruments and manned by top-flight scientists.

Countries concerned are Australia, New Zealand, Chile, Argentina, Britain, Russia, the United States, Japan, Belgium, Spain, France, Norway and South Africa.

All but Belgium, Spain and South Africa are beyond the planning stage. The Antarctic working committee's biggest headache is where to place these expeditions so that a maximum amount of information can be gathered without one nation duplicating the work of another.

The Japanese base in the Prince Harold area will fill a gap in the scientific coverage of the continent, which was troubling the Antarctic committee.

1,000 Men
The nations and number of stations they plan to set up on the Antarctic continent are: Argentina, eight; Australia, two; Chile, four; the United States, five; France, two; Britain, six; Japan, one; Norway, one; New Zealand, one and Russia, three. It is not yet known how many bases the French and Norwegian expeditions will establish.

Belgium and Spain are still doubtful because of lack of funds. South Africa will occupy two islands in the South Atlantic which are not Antarctic islands but which will co-operate with the Antarctic expeditions.

At the peak of the season, more than 1,000 scientists and technicians will be roaming the billion-sq-ft ice from the 33 stations.

Each nation will send mobile columns into the interior, to report on glaciology, meteorology, temperature, cosmic rays, etc.

Station On Pole
The United States will have a station on the South Pole. Exchange of scientists between different national stations is planned.

Findings will be sent from station to station and from station to nation and from nation to station. Each national expedition will have emergency supplies, including food, fuel, and other necessities, stored at the station.

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Doctors' Warning On Indiscriminate Use Of Penicillin

New York. Leading New York doctors are urging their colleagues to be cautious about using penicillin indiscriminately.

Some people are allergic to it. In a very few cases it has produced the rushing, sledge-hammer kind of allergic reaction called anaphylactic shock which can be quickly fatal.

Dr. Sheppard Sigal of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, also an allergy specialist, has been one of the leading figures in the move to encourage doctors to use it carefully and discriminately. In a recent lecture at the annual meeting of the Medical Society of the State of New York he said antibiotics generally did not want to "insult fear"—he wanted to "suggest a proper discrimination."

Four Reactions

"Enormous quantities of these life-sustaining drugs have been employed all over the world. The ill effects due to allergic reactions affect but a minority of the vast numbers of patients who have benefited from them."

For allergic reactions, penicillin is the "problem antibiotic," he said.

In his wide experience, he had classified four types:

1. "Delayed type" occurring at least five days after the penicillin shot. These are skin eruptions—usually hives—fever and pain in the joints. This is the reaction of an allergic person to the first exposure to penicillin.

2. "Accelerated and immediate" type, not nearly as common as type one occurs only in people who have had penicillin before. It may come within seconds of the shot or one or two days afterwards.

There may be itching, hives, laboured breathing or asthma, chest and abdominal pains—or it may bloom into "the complete picture of anaphylactic shock."

3. "Hyperergic" reactions, mainly more severe forms of type one.

4. An eczema-like eruption of the skin, particularly the hands, feet, and groin.

All this shows why most doctors now ask if you've ever had penicillin before and if so, was there any reaction. Dr. Sigal added that severe forms of penicillin allergic reactions are very rare in childhood.—United Press.

Suddenly A 100-Year-Old Egg Hatches

Los Angeles. An egg which, scientists believe, was laid at least 100 years ago in the Mojave Desert, hatched suddenly after a recent flash flood.

The discovery was made at Bicycle Lake at Camp Irwin east of Los Angeles. The lake bed was once used as a landing strip for jet planes. Then the flood came and left two feet of water.

Dr. James Welsh, Assistant Professor of Zoology at Los Angeles State College, described the discovery as "incredible."

The animal hatched was one to one-and-a-half inches long and resembled a small version of the king crab. It had many body segments surrounded by a light shell with many legs underneath. Dr. Welsh identified it as a type of fairy shrimp.

The animal, found in other parts of the world, is known for its ability to live in an unhatched state for years.

The small lake became "pock-marked" with animal and vegetable life just two and a half weeks after the flood, Dr. Welsh said. The lake is now beginning to disappear.—United Press.

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RAINBOW TROUT
12 oz. pkt.
\$4.35

ESKIMO
SOFT ICE CREAM

From Lane Crawford's
A PROGRESSIVE COMPADORE

Would your watch have kept time on the sea-bed?

WEARING a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, a professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom.

Without much hope, the professor asked some divers, working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time.

It is not really so incredible. For this superb watch, completely protected from water and sand by the famous Oyster waterproof case, is automatically wound by the Perpetual "rotor" mechanism—another Rolex invention.

It is in their ability to stay accurate under such incredible tests of endurance that Rolex watches prove their immunity from the more normal ills that beset an ordinary watch.

After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, brought up by divers, was still keeping perfect time! (The original owner of this watch can be identified at the Rolex Office, 14 rue de la Paix, Geneva.)

ROLEX

ROLEX OYSTER PERPETUAL

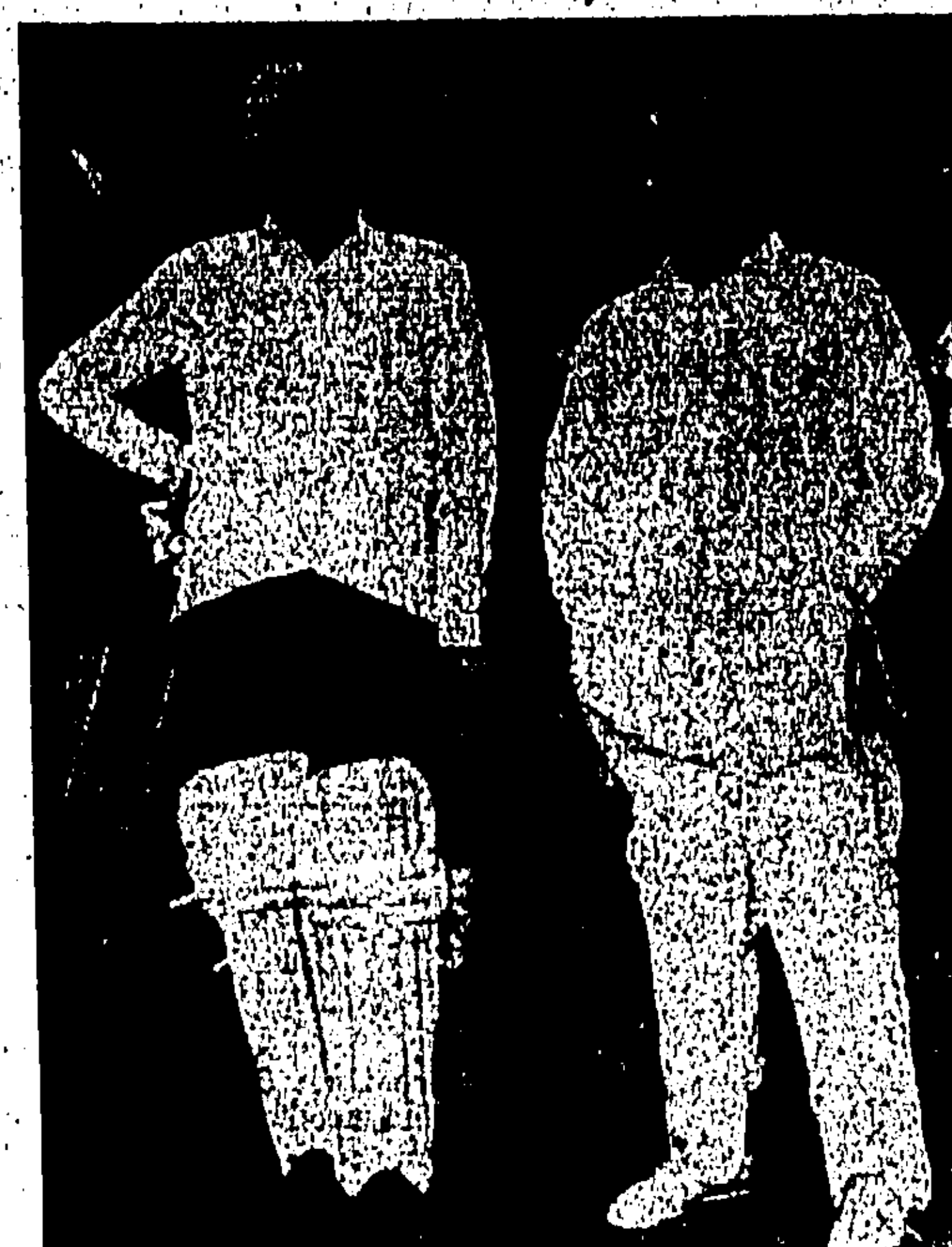
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



DOWN a hole stands Sir Anthony Eden. The hole: the mouth of a trench designed to protect troops from an atom bomb explosion. The Prime Minister was photographed on a fact-finding tour of an undisclosed training area in England. (Express)



TWO North London schoolboys, Roger Furness and David Holmsforth, listen spellbound to the story of the Hurricane fighter told by F/Lt R. S. McCarty, of 253 Squadron, as he prepares for the traditional Battle of Britain Week display at the Horse Guards Parade. (Army News)



AT the charity cricket match between Actors and Politicians. Mr Harold Macmillan, the Foreign Secretary, is dressed unusually for the match, including grey trousers. Beside him Lord Kilmauir wears the traditional white. (Express)



DON COCKELL, Britain's tubby heavyweight boxing champion, has bought himself a handful of dog. Fully grown, Tip, the Italian greyhound, weighs only 3 1/4 pounds. Though it has been known for 2,000 years, the breed is now extremely rare. (Express)



GREY-HAIRED Louisa Stow, of Clacton-on-Sea, Essex, is the heroine of a romance which has lasted more than 50 years. Louisa, now 76, and George Choat, 75, parted 52 years ago when he emigrated to Australia. Now he is sailing home to marry her. After that, he will take her back to Melbourne. (Express)



WELSH heiress Veronica Pope, 20-year-old daughter of a Porthcawl shipowner, and Mahmoud Shah, 21-year-old Pakistan Moslem, who have been married secretly by a Pakistani priest in London. He is an oil student. (Express)

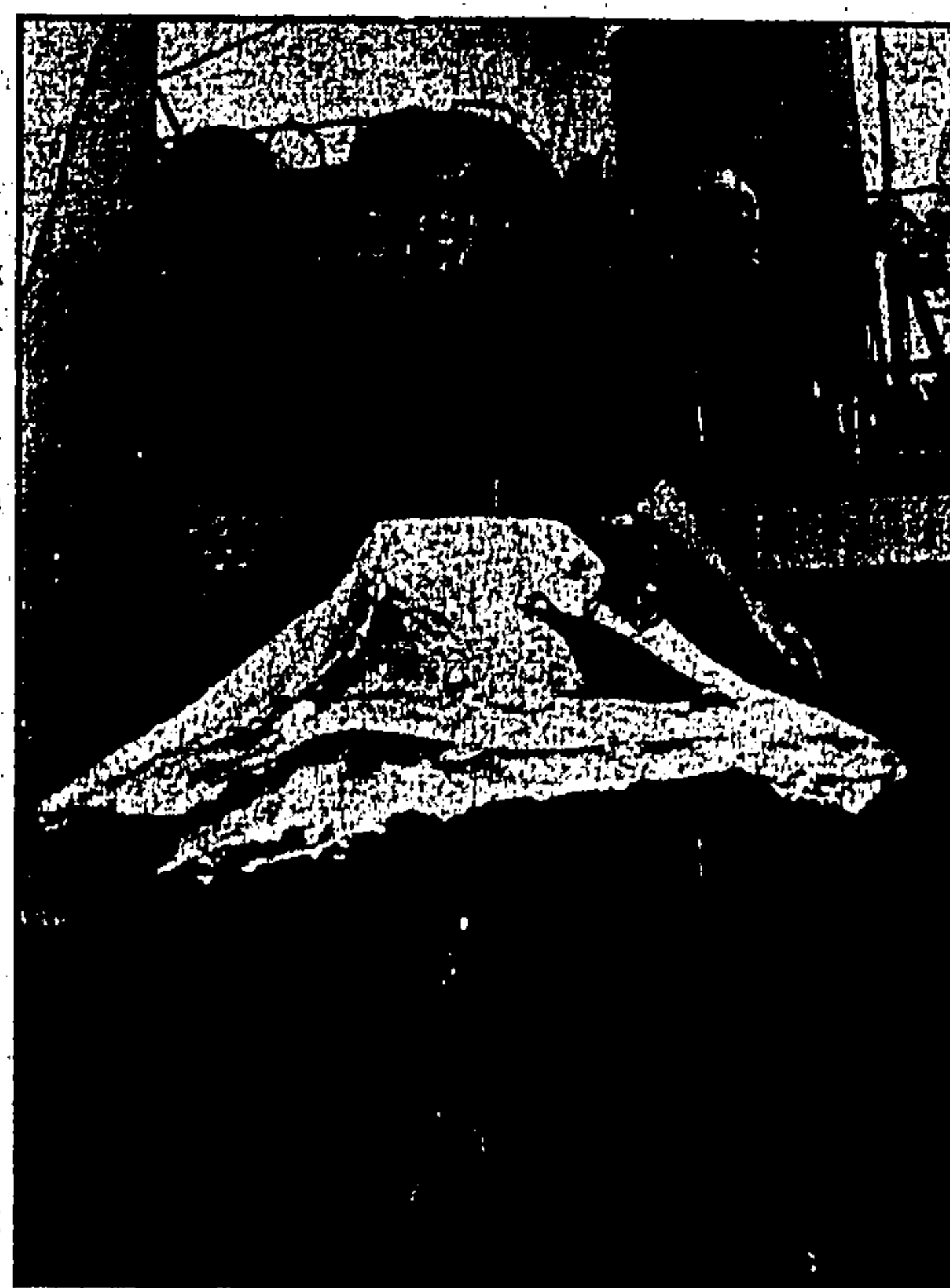


A stonemason at work on the entrance to the new Merchant Navy Memorial on Tower Hill, London, which is to be unveiled on November 5. The memorial is in the form of a sunken garden, and has been designed by Sir Edward Maufe, RA. The sculptor is Mr Charles Wheeler, RA. (Army News)

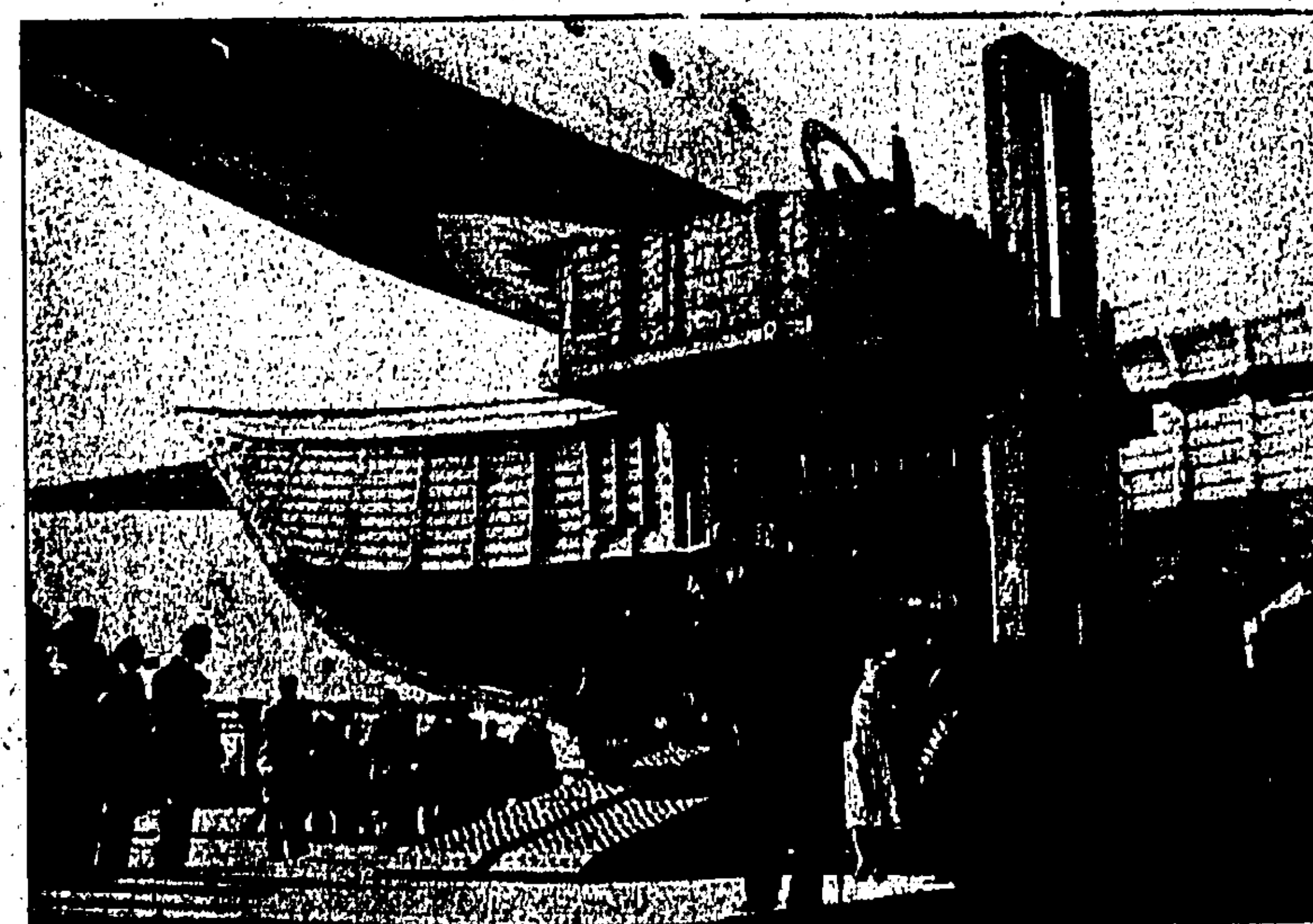


MINER John Jones with the giant dahlias he exhibited at the British Miners' Flower Show, held at Bradford. Many miners tend gardens and vegetable plots after their working day underground. (Express)

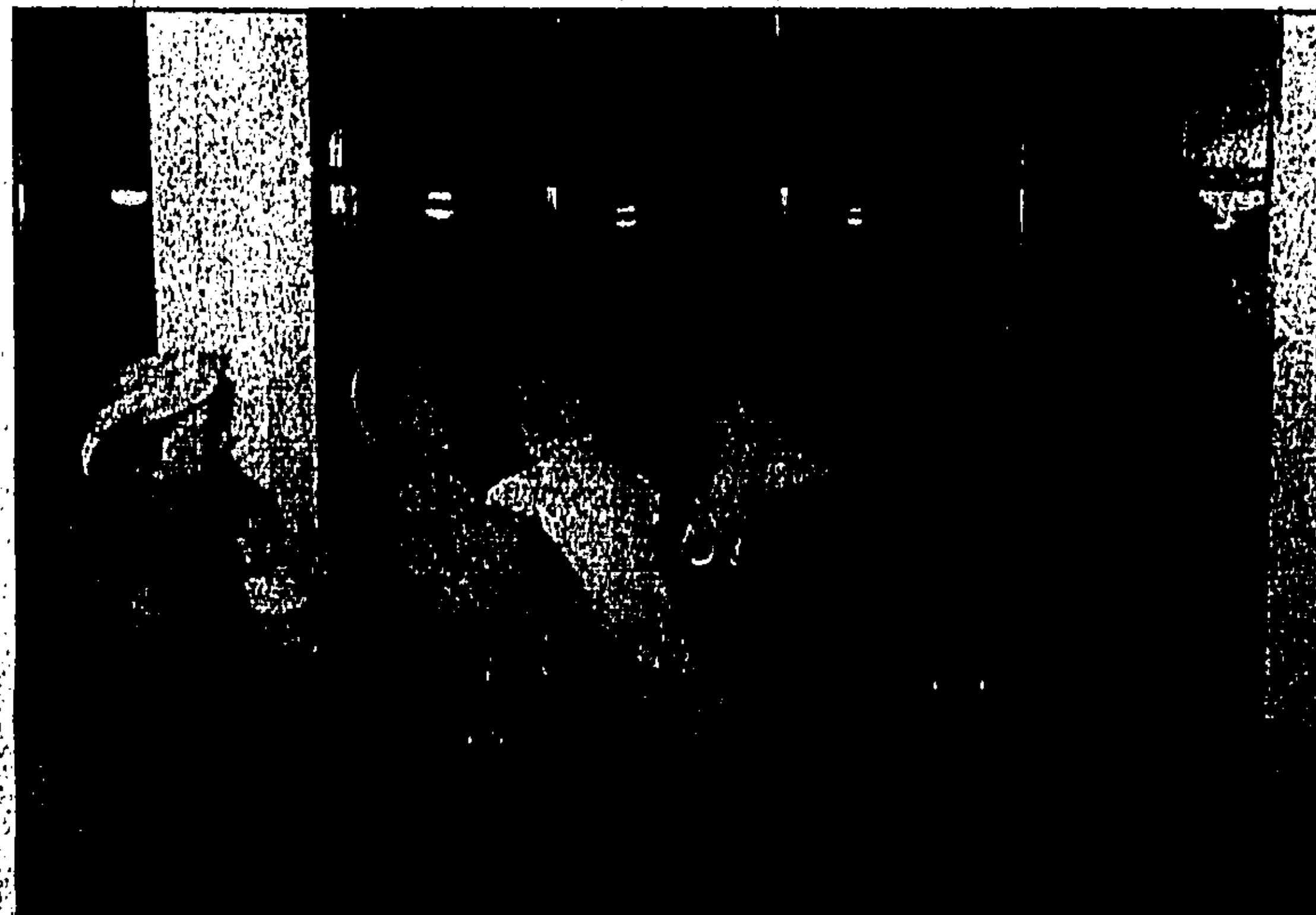
BELOW: The sound-proof balcony at the new Pentecostal Church in Rotherham, Yorkshire, where mothers may attend service with their babies without disturbing the rest of the congregation. (Express)



BARBARA LEE, 21-year-old ballerina from Singapore, who has just arrived in England to study ballet, drama and elocution. She was encouraged by Mr Malcolm Macdonald, until lately Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia, to take up dancing when he saw her perform six years ago. (Express)



THE giant Blackburn Beverley freighter being loaded with stores at Farnborough. It can carry 94 soldiers and their equipment or 45,000 pounds of cargo. The first RAF Transport Command squadron of Beverleys is to be formed later this year. (Army News)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATES

Giles home today!

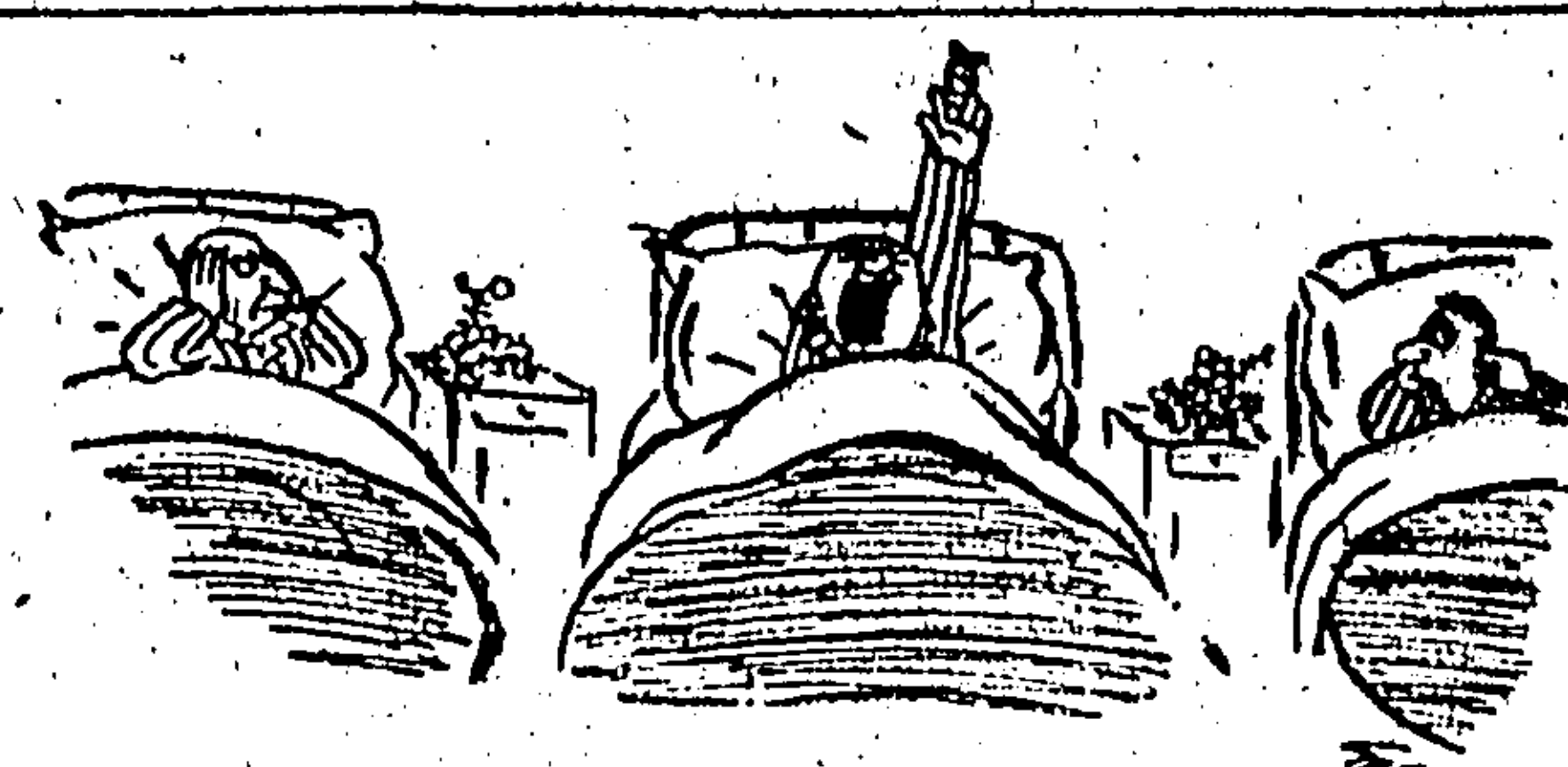


"That's the trouble with your complaint—what's to stop it breaking out again as soon as you leave 'ere?"

HIS
FINAL
NOTEBOOK
FROM
HOSPITAL



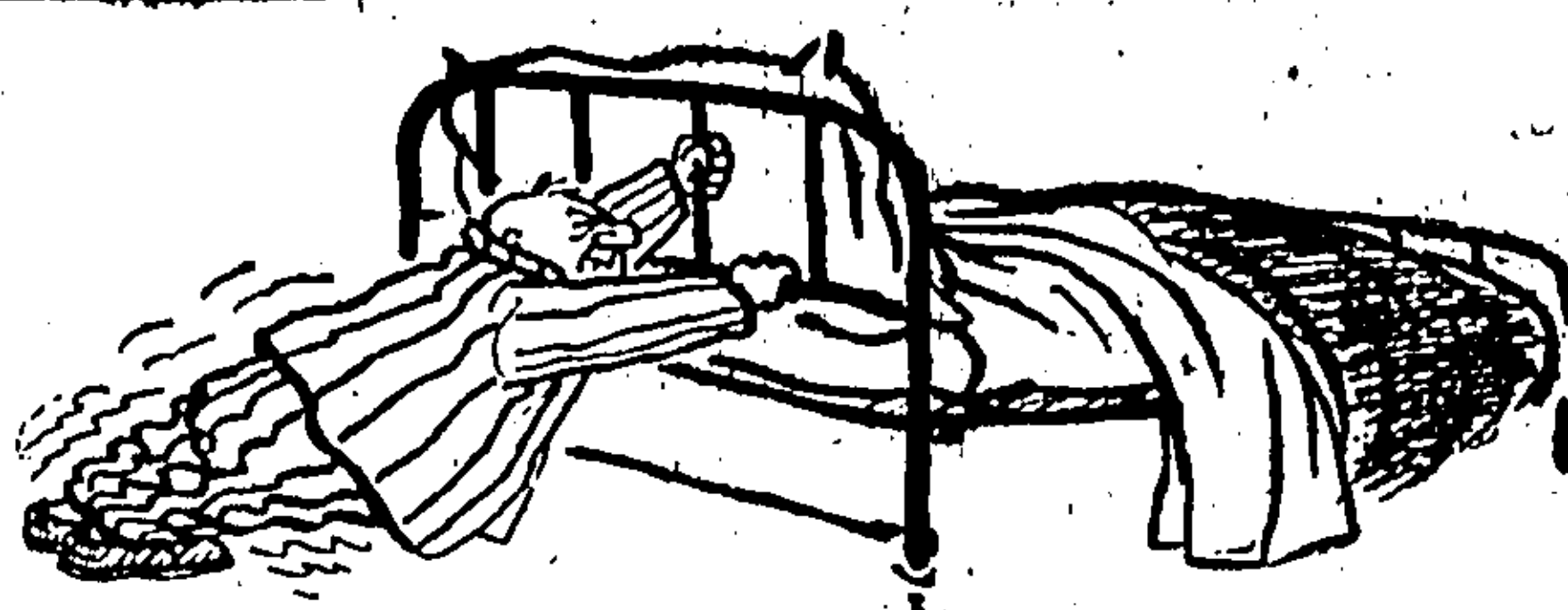
"Like to see your holiday snaps?"



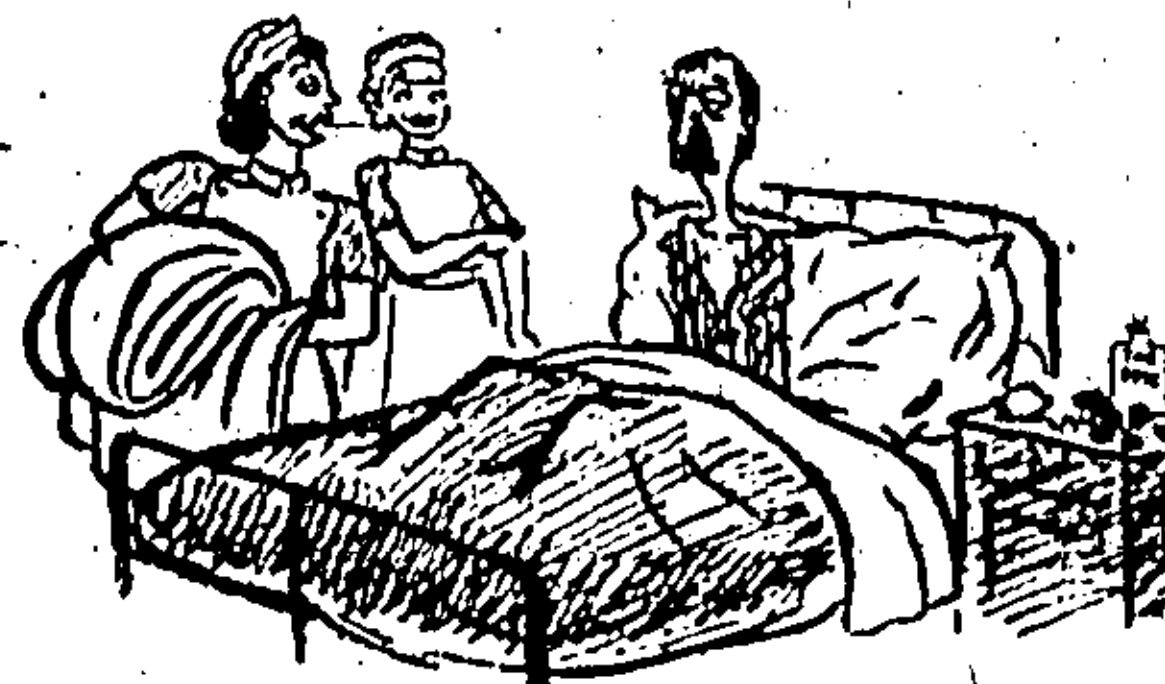
"Nurse!"



"What's everybody so nice and quiet about today?"



"How's Mr. Giles enjoying his first walk round the ward?"



"Hop out, Tarzan—use want to make your bed."

MISS LAMARR DOES A GARBO BUT PERMITS ONE PICTURE

By Thomas Wiseman

VENICE. HEDY LAMARR was doing a Garbo. She had chosen the right time and place for it. The Venice Film Festival is one of the few occasions when a star can safely say: "I want to be left alone," knowing there is not the faintest danger of anyone heeding her request.

Not heeding her request, I rang through to Miss Lamarr's suite and was informed, "Yes" — it was Miss Lamarr speaking in person but unfortunately she was incognito. I said I was sorry to hear it and could I do anything to help?

Being incognito seemed a sad thing to be in Venice when everybody else is in Cadillacs or mink bikinis or gondolas.

But Miss Lamarr said what she wanted was privacy and anonymity. She still seemed to be under the impression that this is a festival of cinematographic art (as it says on the head-

ed notepaper), whereas, of course, that is just incidental, the excuse for a festival of anatomical art.

Miss Lamarr was once quite an example of anatomical art herself (in her early film *Extase* she wore even less than the Italian starlets here) but she was not competing this time either at the Palazzo del Cinema or on the beaches.

So shocking,

The Lido Venice during the Film Festival is not everybody's idea of a cosy retreat, so I suggested to Miss Lamarr that if she wanted privacy this was an unusual place to come to find it.

Miss Lamarr straightened me out on that at once.

It seemed that those Italians had been most inconsiderate, putting on a

Film Festival just at the time when she chose to visit Venice.

She found it all quite appalling. It was shocking the brazen way in which movie stars exposed themselves to and for publicity. Really! Had they no sense of dignity? Anyone would think this was Coney Island.

I told Miss Lamarr that I appreciated she didn't want publicity and that this was not Coney Island but I considered her the most beautiful woman at the Festival and I particularly wanted to meet her.

Miss Lamarr giggled and said: "Come to my beach hut in 20 minutes—number 118—but you must promise to protect me from those awful photographers."

I assured her that Humphrey Bogart could not give

her better protection. So I found myself sitting in a deckchair next to Miss Lamarr outside hut number 118.

The fifth Mr Lamarr, oil millionaire Lee Howard from Houston, Texas, sat little way apart from us reading the financial page of the *Herald Tribune*.

No poses

A photographer came over and began focusing his camera. Miss Lamarr pulled a towel over her head.

"I do not pose for photographers," she said. "Garbo didn't. It is disgraceful the way they persecute me. I know it is a plot. They have been sent by the people who made my last film. Just to plague me."

I said: "They are being most flattering, showing so much interest in you."

"I can do without that flattery," said Miss Lamarr. She waited with her head under the towel until I gave the all clear signal that it was safe for her to surface.

Then she re-emerged. I said: "People tell me you are sometimes difficult to get on with."

She said: "Nonsense, what is difficult about me? I am most easy to get on with. Of course, if I am given stupid directors who do not know their jobs, I have to tell them what they are doing wrong."

A happy smile

The oil millionaire husband from Houston, Texas, was scrutinising the Stock Exchange prices; a happy smile of contentment on his tanned face.

"I have decided," said Miss Lamarr, "that I will only make films now with directors like Elia Kazan, Carol Reed or Cecil B. de Mille. Otherwise I do not make films."

The frustrated photographer had now found reinforcements. He and about 20 of his colleagues descended upon us, brandishing cameras.

Miss Lamarr said: "I leave." "What's that you say, baby?" asked Mr Lamarr, without taking his eyes off the financial news.

Miss Lamarr beat a tactical retreat behind her beach hut. She shouted to me: "You promised to keep them away."

A formidable battery of photographic equipment was aimed at Miss Lamarr, who stood peeping from behind a flap of canvas which she held across her face like a yashmak.

"Disgraceful," said Miss Lamarr.

"Disgraceful," I agreed.

"What's that you say, baby," said Mr Lamarr.

In due course the photographers accepted defeat and dispersed.

Miss Lamarr came out into the open again. Mr Lamarr from Houston, Texas, did not even look up.

"In my latest film I play Helen of Troy," said Miss Lamarr, "but those Italian producers! Now they say they have mislaid the soundtrack."

So charming

In the distance I could see another photographer approaching. He was wearing jeans, an old shirt and moccasin shoes. He carried a newsreel camera.

Trouble, I thought.

He approached, bowed, kissed Miss Lamarr's hand and surveyed her with open admiration.

"You permit me?" he asked, aiming the camera.

I held my breath. Miss Lamarr purred. She permitted.

Perhaps because the cameraman was so charming. Perhaps because it was Prince Vittorio Massimo.

I decided to risk a slump on the Stock Exchange by interrupting Mr Lamarr's financial reading.

"How do you feel about your wife's career?" I asked him. He replied in a soft southern accent. "I just want her to do what gives her pleasure. Don't want her to do anything she doesn't. If she likes a subject, I guess I would set it up for her financially. Money is no bother. Anything to make her happy."

I enquired: "And does your wife take any interest in oil?"

"Yes," he said, "I guess she does. I guess she is interested in oil."

That could be.

(COPYRIGHT)

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

By LES ARMOUR

IF anybody still cherished any illusions about the practicability of a world war, reports from Farnborough Air Show should have shattered them.

Curiously, it didn't really look as though there was anything very startling at Farnborough.

But there was a man flying a jet bomber there—rolling it, looping it, rocketing upwards faster than the eye could travel, spiralling down like a sky-rocket gone mad.

It was a big jet bomber, a Delta wing, four-engined aircraft that looked like something out of a science fiction novel—the Vulcan. Of course, the Vulcan had been seen before. But no one had ever flown it like that.

No one really believed—outside the designing offices and the Air Ministry—that it could be flown like that. The announcer was taken unawares. The technicians stood up on their seats.

The Vulcan is in production. The Royal Air Force will have it in numbers before the year is out.

It will fly like that because that's the way the Air Ministry ordered it.

Britain has two more big bombers: the Valiant and

the Victor. The Valiant is already in service. The Victor will be soon.

They are all about the same size: all between 99 feet and 114 feet from wing tip to wing tip, all powered with four giant jets with between 9,000 and 10,000 pounds thrust each. All three will fly at 50,000 feet at speeds close to the speed of sound (just over 600 miles an hour at that height).

And they will all do manoeuvres which, until recently, would have been hair-raising for small fighters.

Different job

The bomber of today bears about as much resemblance to the bomber of World War II as a big sports car does to a five-ton lorry.

Today's bomber has a very different job. It is intended to carry a hydrogen bomb or an atom bomb, or a single plane with one bomb will do all the work that anyone needs it to. All that is required is that a single plane should get through to the target.

What are the odds?

An anti-aircraft shell travels at something like 1,800 miles an hour. A contemporary guided missile travels at 3,000.

Modern radar equipment is efficient enough to plot almost anything—and the modern guided missile literally tracks its targets like a dog after a bird.

How does the RAF expect to get its planes through?

The modern jet bomber flies high and fast. It is sufficiently manoeuvrable to fly a course erratic enough to make plotting difficult. It is just about good enough to give the guided missile a run for its money.

Since they would fly singly, it is less likely that they would be picked up.

Even suppose the bomber is picked up. If it takes the machinery 30 seconds to plot its course exactly, if it takes the man manning the machinery 30 seconds to take all the readings, the bomber will have travelled five miles. If it is travelling an erratic course and maintaining its speed, it may be lost forever.

The air force is relying on split second timing.

It is also relying on its aircraft to do the incredible; the more erratic the course of the plane as it nears its target, the harder it will be for the trackers to get a line on it.

In other words, however good contemporary defence may be, contemporary offence can just about match it—maybe a little more.

It is unlikely that there will ever again be the kind of air battle which characterised World War II. There will be no great formations of bombers flying through anti-aircraft barrages and tracked by squadrons of fighters.

One at a time

Instead, sleek, fast jet bombers one at a time will fight a desperate battle of wits against men on the ground armed with radio-controlled rockets, radar networks thousands of miles long and a handful of rocket-armed jet fighters.

It is unlikely that any defender will ever see his attacking enemy.

The conventional anti-aircraft gun is a thing of the past: in the time it would take to aim a modern jet bomber could do its job and disappear.

Even the automatic firing radar controlled missile will have to be good.

It is not a pretty business. But it is what the Royal Air Force is doing today to meet the challenge of the modern bomber. And it is what the Royal Air Force is doing today to meet the challenge of the modern bomber. And it is what the Royal Air Force is doing today to meet the challenge of the modern bomber.

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But, do be sure it is

PLYMOUTH GIN



A 'PERFECT' MURDER

But it couldn't beat
RAWLINGS of
the Yard

THERE are probably quite a few people walking about who have achieved a perfect murder.

As I see it, the perfect crime is one in which the victim's body has passed beyond recovery—by cremation—and two well-intentioned, unsuspecting doctors have written the words "Natural causes" across the death certificate.



PERCY
HOSKINS

If you don't think this can happen I refer you to the trial of Nurse Waddingham for murder, back in 1938.

Over a decade was the undoing of Nurse Waddingham. She had successfully got away with the murder by morphine poisoning of one rich old lady and was filling up cremation papers for the disposal of victim No. 2. The certificates said "Death from natural causes." Everything looked easy.

So it would have been, if she had only put her ordinary Nottingham address at the top of the papers. But she added the words "The Nursing Home" to make it look more imposing.

By chance the cremation official was also the district medical officer; and he was also the authority of registration of nursing homes. This "home" he knew, was unregistered, so he passed the papers to the coroner.

An analysis was ordered. Nurse Waddingham was hanged. Today's chapter is the story of a man who did not aspire to such a degree of perfection—in

crime. He thought all the circumstances were on his side anyway.

The setting was perfect for a murder. The London blitz. Who would ever know that one among so many dead was not a bomb victim?

Would Scotland Yard? Well, maybe, but this murderer was not going to commit the one mistake that so many murderers make. The Yard might catch others, the stupid ones, but never him. HE would be the clever one.

He was justified, up to a point. He was, if not clever, at least supremely cunning. That is why the uncovering of his "perfect murder" was one of the Yard's most brilliant triumphs.

FINDING

IT was a mean crime. He strangled a woman, set fire to the body and then buried it in quicklime, under debris in the cellar of a blitzed Baptist chapel in Kennington.

He felt safe in the certainty that it would be a long, long time before the debris-clearing gangs got round to that pile of chapel rubble.

It was. It was in July 1942 that workmen prising up a heavy stone slab uncovered a scorched skeleton.

It could have been just another bomb victim. But the skeleton was given a thorough medical examination. Every bomb victim in the war got that.

Two things seemed odd. There was an unusual quantity of lime in the soil around the bones and a tiny bone in the voice-box was fractured.

KNOWING

IT was Dr Keith Simpson, Home Office pathologist, who found the fracture. He knew what it almost certainly indicated: Strangulation.

The problem was turned over to Deputy Commander William Rawlings—a man who actually looks like Sherlock Holmes. He has the height, the lean cheeks,

and sharp nose, and the suddenly lighting eyes.

Rawlings's favourite subject is psychology. "We deal with human beings—we must know human frailties," he says.

Here was a task, then, for a Holmes. Identifying the skeleton alone would have seemed an impossible job to any ordinary man.

What was known about the strangled woman? She had been between 40 and 50; roughly 5ft. tall. The lower jaw was missing, but she had worn a dental plate with, probably, seven false teeth. Four remaining teeth had fillings.

How many women fitted these age and height figures? At least 1,000 reported missing at that time.

SLOGGING

RAWLINGS slogged on. He knew that the backbone of successful detection is really a funnelling brand of thoroughness.

He sought out the relatives of each of those 1,000 missing women and asked: "Did she wear an upper dental plate with seven false teeth?"

Somewhere well down the list he interviewed the sister of Mrs Rachel Dobkin who vanished on Good Friday—April 11—1941.

She had been living apart from her husband. Rachel, said her sister, was about the age and height of the murdered woman. Her upper dental plate? Yes, she had one, but how could anyone say how many teeth there had been in it?

The search started for Rachel Dobkin's dentist. . . .

The day after Rachel Dobkin disappeared her handbag had been found 30 miles away, in Guildford. Rawlings pondered on that.

In that bag had been her ration book and identity card. No one came forward to claim or renew these.

Great cases of the great detectives... No. 4

Deputy Commander William Rawlings, 58-year-old second-in-command of the C.I.D. Could have been a barrister—passed Bar exams—but preferred solving crimes. The Dobkin case was called by a judge "a masterpiece of crime detection."

Did this mean that Mrs. Dobkin had not needed them any more? That she was dead? If the woman in that cellar really was Mrs. Dobkin, how did her handbag get to Guildford? Did someone plant it there, to give the impression she had fled the London bombs?

WATCHING

OTHER inquiries were being made too. Rawlings discovered someone who remembered a fire in the ruins of the chapel. The date: April 15.

Who was the policeman on the beat? Sure enough, Rawlings found a constable who remembered the fire. There was, he said, someone else there that night. A man who volunteered the information: "I'm a fire-watcher over there" (a nearby block of offices), and added in a joking way: "I didn't do it."

Rawlings sent out his men to trace that fire-watcher.

They traced him. His name? Harry Dobkin.

The man was brought in and questioned. A detective inspector told him: "In fairness, I should tell you that human

remains were found in the cellar of the chapel near where you were fire-watching in April 1941 and we are satisfied that they are those of your wife."

Said Dobkin: "I don't know what you are talking about. I don't know of any cellar at the chapel and I have never been down one there. In fact, I don't believe it is my wife."

Then he made a mistake. He offered to write a statement. He wrote: "In respect to what you say that my wife has been found dead OR-MURDERED..."

The police had said nothing about murder.

Crime-laboratory specialists had been busy too. They had superimposed a full-face portrait of Mrs. Dobkin on an X-ray portrait of the skull. They matched exactly.

Her dentist had been found. He was shown the jaw and he said: "This is Mrs. Dobkin's upper jaw and those are my fillings."

Harry Dobkin was still not clever enough to see that he was doomed. He was confident right through his trial.

But the jury found him guilty, after being out for only 20 minutes.

CONFESSING

HE confessed during his last days, when his reprieve had been refused and he realised that his had been no perfect murder.

His wife, he said had been pressing him for more money. He had wanted to be rid of her. And he had planted her handbag at Guildford.

It was as sordid as that. He was hanged on January 27, 1943, at Wandsworth.

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ISRAEL'S WAY OF KEEPING ALERT

By DONALD WISE

Tel-Aviv. WAR planes are wheeling above my hotel. Navy units are moving on the moonlit Mediterranean. Empty taxis are roaring through the streets on their way to be army-tested for roadworthiness.

It is part of Israel's way of keeping alert.

The time is midnight in steamy Tel-Aviv and the heat, despite air conditioning, has driven me on to the roof for a cigarette. I can almost see the length and breadth of this tiny, brand new state that can be hit by its enemies from 360 degrees round the compass.

Imagine it. Drive 300 miles from Syria in the north to the head of the Red Sea at Eilat—that is Israel. At its fattest its girth is barely 70 miles. At worst it shrinks to eight. The coastline stretches about 120 miles, with a dangerous strip about 30 miles—the flashpoint Gaza Strip.

★ ★ ★

This is one of the many flashpoints on the Arab-dominated land frontiers. Seawards the danger comes from commando gangs paddling their dynamite into Israel by canoe from ships that, in the past, have shelled Tel-Aviv.

If I listen hard enough I might hear a water wheel blown up inland. Or a settler's family wiped out in a burst of sub-machine-gun fire. Situation normal—for Israel.

Since the British started to withdraw from Palestine the Jews have had a score of running fights on their hands.

In November 1947, when the United Nations agreed on partition in the form of a Jewish and an Arab state, the "army

of the prophet" and other irregular dissenting Arab forces started to penetrate Jewish areas. They were thrown out.

In May 1948, when the state of Israel was proclaimed, the Jews found themselves opposed by seven Arab countries: Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq and Jordan had armies on Israeli territory. Saudi Arabia and Yemen were supporting them vocally.

★ ★ ★

In 1949 the "war of liberation" as the Jews call it, was halted. Armistice agreements were signed with Jordan, Egypt, Syria and Lebanon. The Jews lost their holy places round Jerusalem and the Hebron. They gained Galilee.

Trickiest of all was the Gaza Strip. Egypt occupied that and administered the 250,000 Palestinian refugees. The United Nations Relief Works Agency feeds them. The area is barren and unproductive, so the Jews do not want it.

The Egyptians have no intention of trying to make it productive. It is a useful irritant and battleground. Here is Egypt's chance to divert the attention of her starving Fellahin from their domestic miseries and whip up the old anti-Jewish feeling throughout the Arab world.

Deposed Premier General Naguib says in his autobiography that it is crazy to fight a war with the Jews. Better needle them on the frontiers and elp commando raiders inside the country.

★ ★ ★

Now fields of wheat disappear overnight, stolen by pirate harvesters from enemy territory. Farmers may be ambushed by infiltrators hiding under their fruit trees. At any time everyone must be prepared to rush by car or commandeered bus for military service on the border.

A million and a quarter Jews have been living this way since 1949. All sorts of Jews they are.

There are true orthodox types in round hairy hats, full whiskers and frock coats. These

A DYNASTY AT STAKE

THE ORDEAL OF QUEEN SORAYA

SAM WHITE'S PARIS NEWSLETTER

THIS week Queen Soraya of Persia ends her holiday in the South of France and comes to Paris to face a considerable ordeal. There she will be met by a panel of physicians and gynaecologists who will decide where and when she will undergo a major operation.

The threat of this operation has been hanging over the 22-year-old queen for the past three years. It has been a reason, and often the sole reason, for her widespread voyagings over this period to France, Britain, U.S.A. and Switzerland.

It is the major reason for her present trip to Europe. The absence of a male heir is a grave threat to the future of the present Persian dynasty, already threatened by religious and political fanaticism.

The brother of the present Shah, who was next in line to the succession, was killed in an air crash last year. His wife and

their seven-year-old son have been banished from Persia. The Shah's five other brothers are on their mother's side descended from a previous dynasty and are barred by the constitution from succeeding to the throne.

Teheran court

Also barred is the Shah's six-year-old daughter from his previous marriage to ex-King Farouk's sister Princess Fawzia.

Now that an operation on the Queen has been finally decided a considerable part of the Teheran court and close relatives of the Queen are gathering in Paris for the final medical consultation.

With the Queen at present is her 50-year-old mother, a German, married to the Persian Ambassador in Bonn. She has now been joined too by her 18-year-old brother who is studying architecture in Switzerland.

Also with the Queen are several courtiers from Teheran: the Persian Ambassador of Paris, the head of the Persian army medical service, Colonel Aladi, and the court physician, Dr Agadin.

There is a certain irony in the presence of Dr Agadin. He has come to France not only to attend the Queen but to go into exile here. Dr Agadin belongs to a Muslim sect known as the "Baghni" which at present is being violently persecuted in Persia.

Before leaving Teheran the doctor told the Shah that he would take this opportunity of taking refuge in France.

Tanks Royale

THE city council of Amiens has been in touch with the British Military Attaché regarding a special problem. The council wish to name a street in honour of the first British Army unit to liberate Amiens.

Back went the answer—the house belonged to the Shropshire Light Infantry.

This however, created a problem. Fond as the French are of resounding street names, they could not quite risk Rue du Shropshire Light Infantry.

Finally, a compromise was suggested and the street has been named Rue des Tanks Royale.

Libel action

I AM looking forward to the libel action Farouk versus Eliza Maxwell, to be heard here soon.

Farouk claims he was libelled in an alleged telegram reproduced in Miss Maxwell's memoirs (French edition only), which Miss Maxwell claims to have sent on receiving a dinner invitation from him.

Farouk, incidentally, claims never to have received this telegram. Among the witnesses cited by Miss Maxwell are General Naguib, Colonel Nasser, ex-Roussin, Nariman, dress-designers Dior and Desses, and the jewellery firm of Arpel.

Battling on Farouk's side will be Prince Rainier of Monaco, the Marquis de Cuevas, the Brazilian Ambassador, the former boxing champion Georges Carpentier and the jewellery firm of Cartiers.

The crisis

THE present crisis in the Principality of Monaco which has been brewing ever since one of the leading banks there crashed two months ago has once again revealed the family feud which divides the members of Prince Rainier's family.

This time Rainier has ordered that his 34-year-old sister Antoinette should no longer appear at Royal functions. Princess Antoinette, a slight and exceedingly smart woman, has had a stormy life in the past. Four years ago she married, in the Monaco Consul-General's office in Genoa, the Monaco tennis champion Alcega Loghos. She divorced him a year ago.

Since then she has been a close friend of a wealthy Monte Carlo lawyer, Jean, Charles Ray, who is a former member of the 18-man Monaco National Council and who is a bitter opponent of Prince Rainier.

Stormy reign

POLITICAL NOTE—The former Resident-General of Morocco Gilbert Grandval, whose stormy reign was ended only two months ago, is now in Paris as a supporter of former Premier Mendes-France.

A Churchgoing Nation

From NEWELL ROGERS

New York. A GREAT spiritual revival is sweeping America. Six out of 10 Americans now belong to some church.

A hundred years ago the figures were the reverse. Only one out of 10 belonged to the National Council of Churches of Christ, reporting on membership of 250 religious bodies.

Protestant churches gained 1,280,817 new members in 1954 to reach a total of 67,000,000. Roman Catholics gained 927,011 to reach 32,000,000. Jewish bodies gained 500,000 to reach 5,500,000.

More than 37,000,000 children and adults go to Sunday schools, a six percent increase over last year.

HEAVY buying on the never-ending pin is wedding happiness. The National Council of Churches of Christ, reporting on membership of 250 religious bodies.

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They are wartime friends. He wants to keep the friendship on the level in harmony with the "Geneva spirit."

SEVEN out of every 100 U.S. homes with TV aerials on the roof have no sets. The meat is to make neighbours think they have one. And 12 out of every 100 motor cars with radio aerials have no working radios.

BUSINESS men are fighting the toll roads. Owners of petrol stations, motels, and restaurants along the free highways paralleling toll roads face ruin. The New York throughway has already cut 30 percent of the toll on parallel route No. 26.

So the Route 20 Free-way Association is issuing 500,000 booklets to advertise the scenic advantages of their road.

REMEMBER Cohn and Schine, the youthful Red-hunting team sent to Europe by Senator McCarthy?

Wealthy David Schine, now 27, is finishing his national service as an army corporal, has lost his civilian job as head of the Roney Plaza Hotel, at Miami Beach, Florida. But he need not worry—the new owners pay \$500,000 a year for it to his father.

REJOINDER by New York radio station WNEW to Sir Jacob Epstein's criticism that Washington is a city of bad statues: "Perhaps he referred to the absence of any Epstein statues... most Americans are pleased by the Lincoln Memorial."

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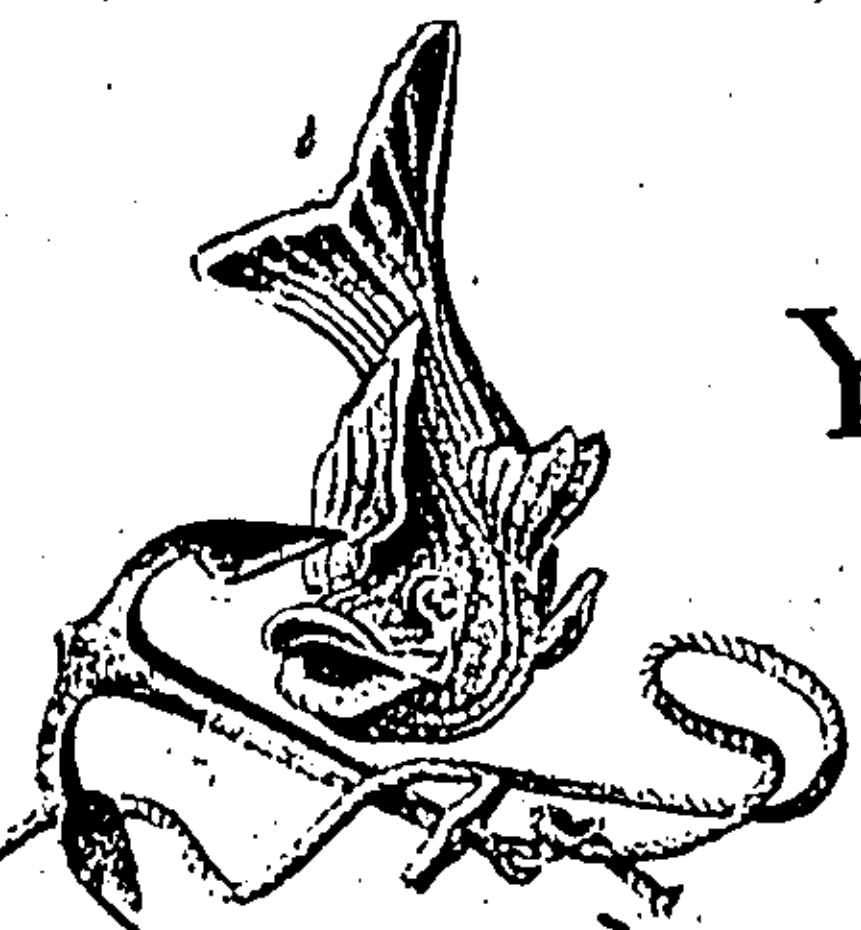
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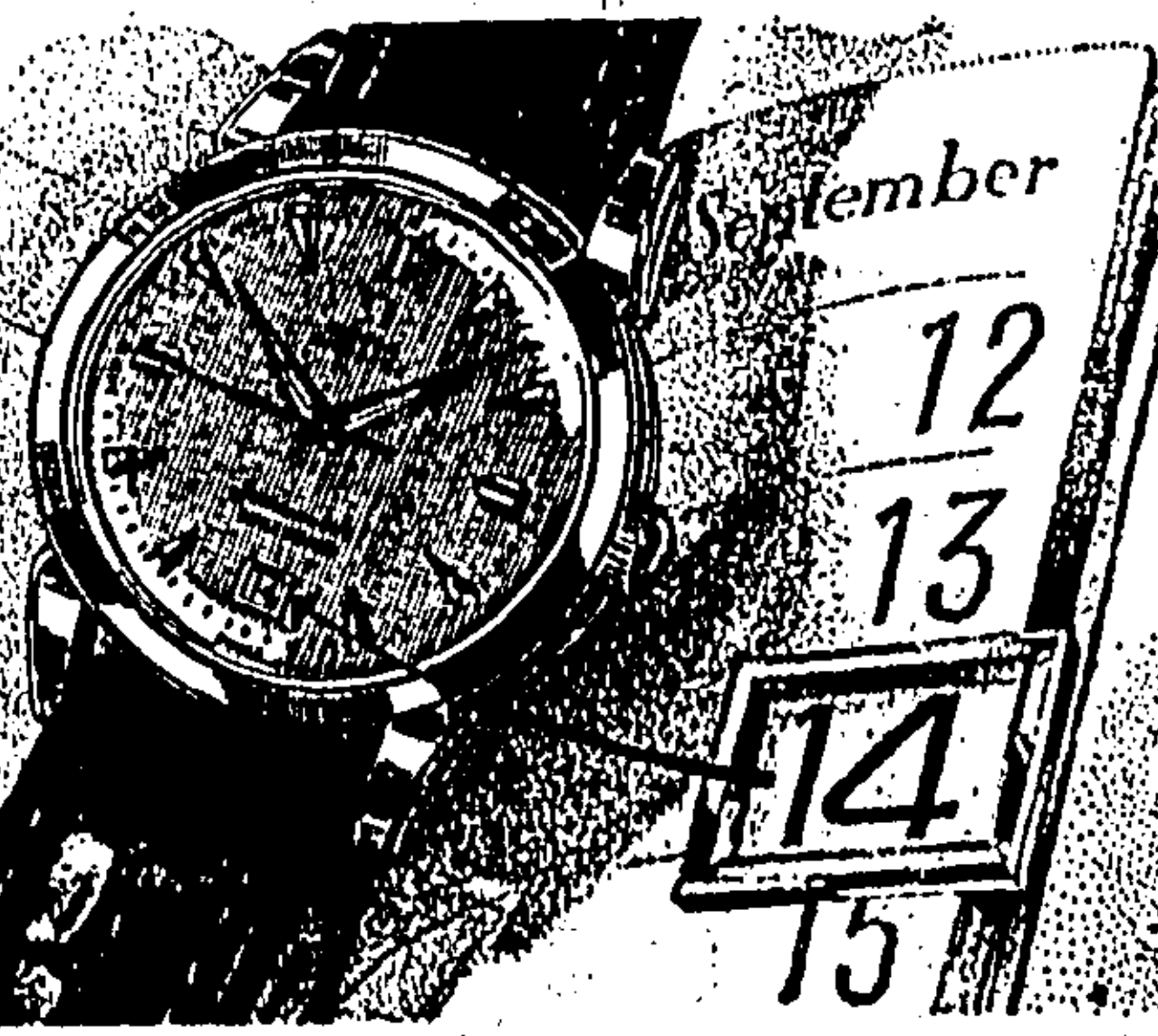


Give
Your Memory
a Holiday

with the Seamaster Calendar

The new self-winding Seamaster Calendar watch is the most faithful servant of time ever devised by watch-making science... telling the exact time and day of the month... accurately, automatically.

You can discard your wall calendar, you can forget old-fashioned stem winding. The Seamaster Calendar winds itself with every flick of your wrist. Automatically, too, the date mechanism changes every 24 hours. It's simple, sturdy, foolproof.



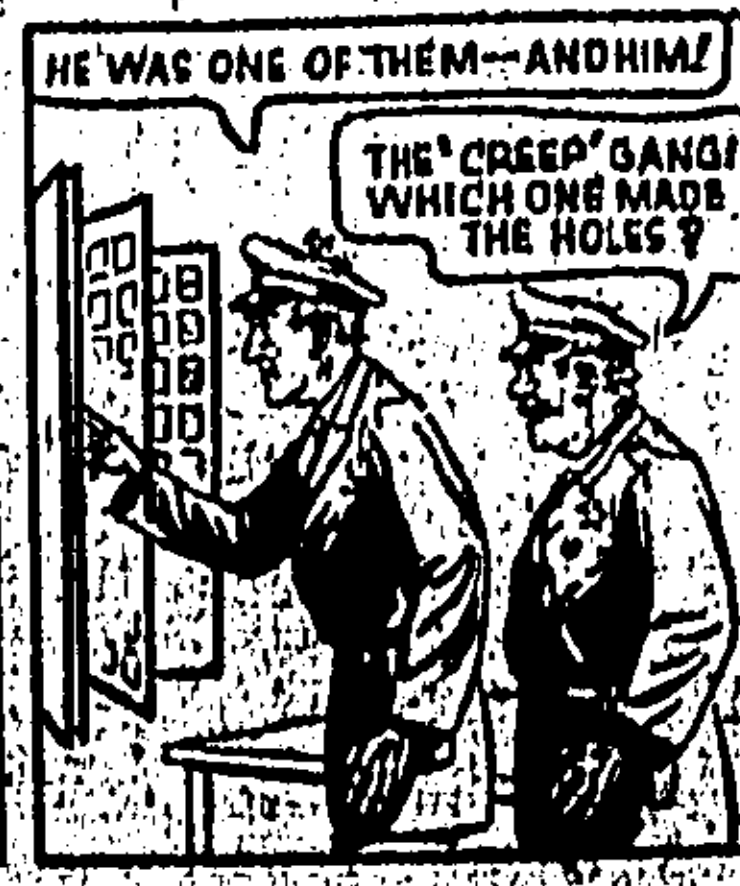
OMEGA
Seamaster Calendar

Société Suisse Pour l'Industrie Horlogère S.A. Geneva, Switzerland.

OMEGA • Three

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Leo Falk and Phil Davis



EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T... Carlsberg

CLOSE-UP ON BIG BEN

• The personality with the best-known face in the world will lose his voice next year. Big Ben is to be overhauled. Frank Daniels climbed to the top for this personal interview...

BEFORE Big Ben loses his voice next year I decided to have a personal interview with the best-known face in the world. Not that anything is wrong with Big Ben, whose accuracy could hardly be improved on today. The scaffolding, which reaches to the very top of the tower, for the first time in its history, is to repair war damage. On the night of the blitz when the Commons was destroyed Big Ben was shaken but remained ticking.

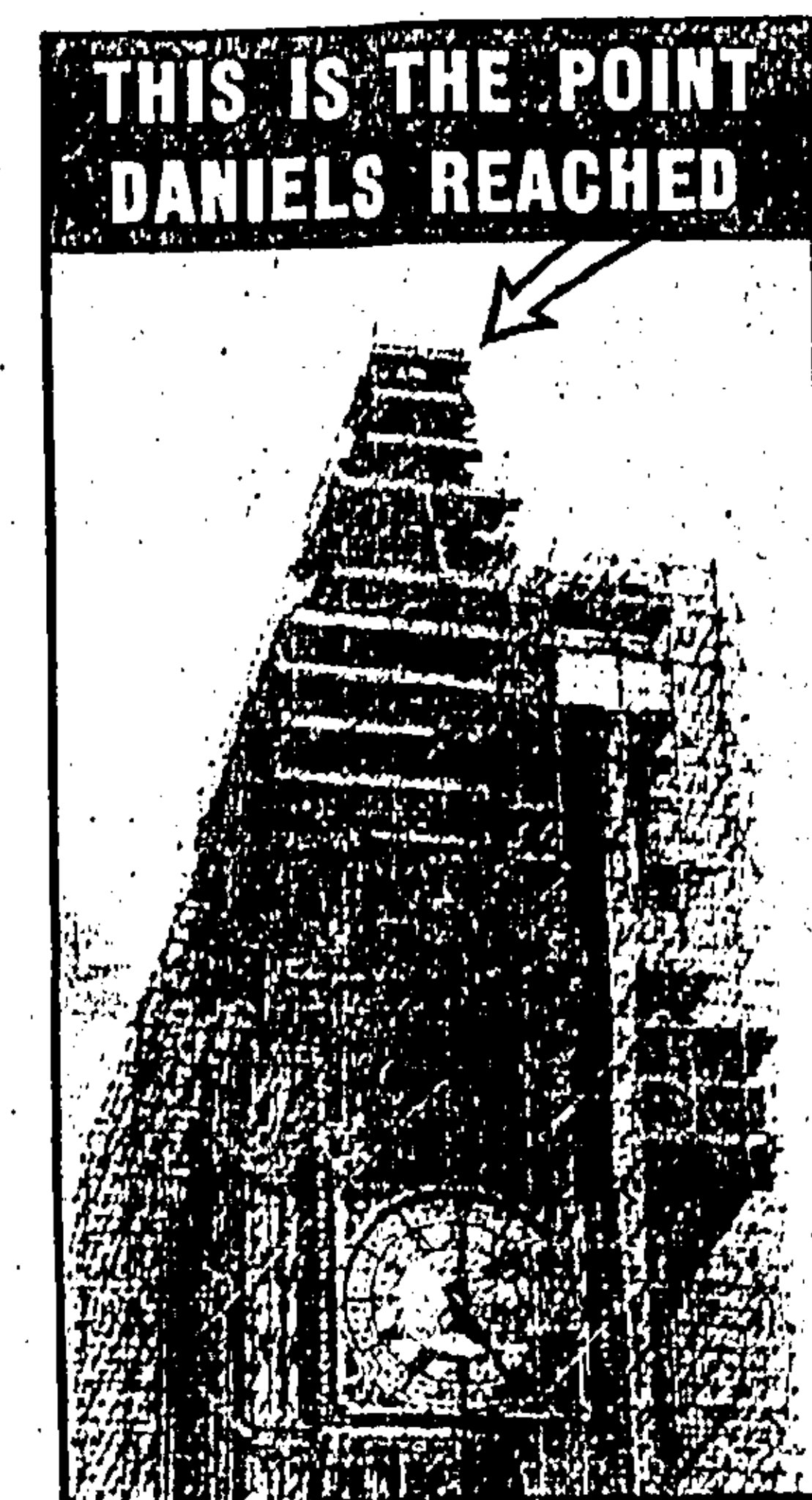
The belfry above was hit, and left standing on three legs, and the glass was blown out of the dials, yet the clock was only out by one and a half seconds. Now the tower will be closed for the next 18 months for repairs, and Big Ben itself will come to a stop for several months for a thorough overhaul.

"Don't charge up the stairs," advised the man as he unlocked the door at the foot of the tower, and, by the time I had panted past the 336th step I saw what he meant.

By now I was in what looked like the engine-room of a small ship. I shouted above the noise to the man from Dents, the firm which first constructed the clock and which sends someone three times a week to wind it. Somehow I have never thought of Big Ben being wound up, just like any watch. Its authority is so unquestionable that I imagined it worked by automatic control. In fact, until the introduction of electrical winding it took two men five hours a time to wind the clock by hand.

Hysterical windmill

Then, in 1913, a motorised winding gear was installed by Dents and it now takes 40 minutes. The din ceased, and only a masterful tick-tock interrupted our conversation until suddenly a winged instrument spun round like a hysterical windmill, apparently followed by a burst of machine-gun fire, and the quarter struck deafening above us.



"At last I was trapped on the utmost peak, which swayed slightly in the wind..."

The scene now switched to the climax of a Carol Reed thriller, myself playing Orson Welles, scrambling up iron spiral staircases, past the giant bell, up endless rickety ladders, until at last I was trapped on the utmost peak which swayed slightly in the wind. My film cue, I suppose, was to throw myself off. Instead, I looked down nervously, clutching the scaffolding with the firmest possible grasp.

The ornamental top is an imposing decoration of gilt and iron and the view which few can have seen before me, is extraordinary. Most remarkable is the stretch of woodland that apparently stretches endlessly across London.

This is formed by St James's Park, Green Park, Buckingham Palace Gardens, Hyde Park and Holland Park. From above one has an impression of a sweep of green countryside. Scotland Yard looks dingy in the extreme and due to a concealed sweep of the Thames, the Tower of London is quite in the wrong place.

A face stared

A face stared at me in surprise from a helicopter flying towards the landing stage at Waterloo. A reminder of the flying bomb which came so close that a workman claimed he could have thrown his cap on it as it charged by.

Big Ben is comparatively new — it first chimed in 1859—but there has been a clock at Westminster since 1288, known as Great Tom. There is the story of a sentry arrested at Windsor Castle at the end of the 17th century for sleeping on duty. He defended himself, saying he had heard Great Tom strike 13 at midnight. This proved to be true and the soldier was acquitted.

In 1707, when the tower was pulled down, Christopher Wren asked for the bell for St Paul's, where, after being recast, it was duly hung. Now, when Big Ben goes silent next year, the voice of Great Tom will deputise on the BBC.

Meanwhile, the chiming of Big Ben are broadcast direct. A microphone, contained in a foot-

ball bladder stuffed with cotton wool to prevent vibration, was first installed in 1924. Pigeons kept plucking the rubber to get the wool for their nests and today two microphones are placed in a felt-lined box.

The bell has not always sounded in the 1914-18 war it was silenced when Zeppelin raids were imminent. On Armistice Day, 1918, the Big Ben silent minute was started and the broadcast chiming rang out to the world, often with the noise of sirens and gunfire in the background.

Only in the period of flying bombs did the BBC use recordings for reasons of security. It is not surprising that Big Ben became a symbol of London's indestructibility and that large crowds cheered along the banks of the Thames when the lights of the clock were put on again in 1945.

A terrific controversy accompanied the birth of Big Ben. After Great Tom was moved there was no clock at Westminster for more than 100 years, then in 1834, after the fire which destroyed the old Palace of Westminster, a new clock tower was erected. The Astronomer Royal set requirements, including accuracy within one second, that most clockmakers thought impossible for a clock exposed to wind and rain.

Largest ever

However, a brilliant, inventive mathematician called Denison designed one, without payment, and this was constructed by E. J. Dent and his stepson, at the same firm which looks after it today.

The bell was more difficult. The largest ever cast in England, 16 tons, was brought to London by water and then pulled across Westminster Bridge, not without anxiety, by 16 horses. It was then strung up in the Palace Yard where it promptly cracked after being tested.

It was recast and the Illustrated London News reported that the new tone was "far superior." It was again brought by 16 horses and greeted by a curious crowd. Both the bell and the clapper were lighter and survived lengthy testing so it was duly hoisted to the top.

The legend

Everything was now set, but to the amusement of the crowds the clock refused to go. Denison claimed that the hands designed by the architect were too heavy, and he was right. The new ones moved, and the giant bell boomed on May 31, 1859. It had taken fifteen years, and the cost was £22,000. Trouble was not yet over. A surface crack appeared, and after arguments lasting three years, when the clock was silent it was decided to turn the bell slightly and install a still lighter clapper. When the bell rang out again it was gruffer than before, and has remained like that to this day, for nothing more has had to be done to either the big bell or the four-quarters.

The legend has it that at the debate in the Commons, regarding the name to be given to the bell, the First Commissioner of Works, an extremely large man called Sir Benjamin Hall, gave a particularly long oration. "Let's call it Big Ben, and have done with it," someone shouted. And so it was.



... and this is what he saw

THIS FARCE THEY CALL AMNESTY

From: RUSSELL SPURR

THERE was no war in Kelapa Sawit. The National Servicemen were watching their first film show. The Red Cross nurse from Australia was relaxing by radio. The police officer wore slippers.

He sat listening not for alarm calls but for the crying of his 14 days, old daughter.

The worst village in Malaya was strangely quiet.

Sentries still patrolled the protective boundary wire.

Blue green guard lamps lit them plodding through long wet grass. But the terror was off. Temporarily at least.

Singapore. A rubber tapper was actually shot and injured by terrorists ten miles from the village the other day which suggests the Johore gangs do not intend to give up.

It was almost dark when I reached Kelapa Sawit.

Successive checkpoints constantly delayed my car along the winding road from Singapore.

Bearded Sikhs and young Malays in rumpled jungle green peered in to see if I was carrying contraband food.

The entire strength of the security forces in Malaya is now concentrated on starving rather than shooting the terrorists.

The village guard opened the wire gate. He let me in without question. Difficulties only being when you try to get out.

NO COMMENTS

The wait-and-see campaign was on. Kelapa Sawit is the worst in the worst of the worst terrorised part of Malaya. Authorities reckon 99 per cent of its 2,700 Chinese inhabitants support the Reds.

NOTORIOUS

The Kulai district of Johore is notorious for terrorists' attacks. Somewhere among its jungle and rubber and oil palms lurk the Malayan Communists' most effective killers.

These men have now been offered extraordinarily generous surrender terms by the newly-elected government of Malaya. They have been told that nothing will be held against them if they hurry to give themselves up.

Four surrender areas have been marked out to receive them round Kelapa Sawit.

Thousands of leaflets have been showered over the jungle tree-tops. Troops have been called in from offensive patrols though security checks have been tightened.

But no terrorists have yet surrendered around Kelapa Sawit.

I drove into a small inner compound, across with bullock carts, where a British police lieutenant, "Mat" Stevens of Liverpool, was pottering about his bungalow. "Heckon we will have a bit of quiet, while the Red high command work out what to do next," he told me.

Miss Frances Taylor of Sydney, Australia, was in a little Red Cross bungalow. She runs the clinic, quite the most popular non-Communist institution in the village. "Wish something would come of the amnesty," she sighed.

A company of the Queen's Royal Regiment, which guards Kelapa Sawit, were clustered round an army cinematograph van. They sat smoking contentedly in the warm tropic night while the projector ground out the main feature, "The Killer At Large". The film was not new. Still, no one grumbled. It was the first they had been able to see. "Jungle bashing" was called off; this was heaven.

The people very much concerned made no comment. The Chinese villagers stayed in their thatched roof huts. They have been offered £70 a head for leading in a surrendered terrorist.

No one is surprised there have been no takers.

(COPYRIGHT)

ATOM AND EVE IN LONDON

"PEOPLE used to think I was crazy when I started all this," said Mrs Muriel Howorth. "All this" was the Institute of Atomic Information for the Layman, which she founded in 1948 and has been running ever since with true missionary zeal.

For this spritely middle-aged civil servant has a mission: to proclaim the peaceful uses of atomic energy and to teach the basic facts of atomic science to ordinary people—to the layman, in fact.

Or rather, to the laywoman. Most of Mrs Howorth's 250 members (at 35s. a year) are women, though "the men love to come too, especially the diplomats."

They come to the banquets four times a year. The next one is scheduled for October. Place? The House of Commons. Ambassadors of countries who have bought nuclear reactors at the recent Geneva conference will be there to speak. The menu? Mrs Howorth is hoping to serve potatoes sterilised by radiation in 1952 and now as fresh as ever.

The diplomats flock too to the monthly Atomic Film

★ Mrs. Howorth has a mission... to teach simple atomics to women and children.

luncheons in Park Lane. A ten-minute educational film is followed by a brains trust.

But for the women who feel too shy to ask questions in front of learned scientists, there is the Ladies' Atomic Energy Club which meets at Londonderry House. The ladies—and this is the correct term, for the register is studded with peeresses—are taught simple atomics. "No prior knowledge of physics or chemistry needed," Mrs Howorth assured me.

At the end of a course there is a one-hour test. The Elementary Atomic Examination for the Layman. Two of the successful candidates are Lady Helen Nutting and Lady Codrington. They are now ready to instruct the less advanced.

To help her pupils, Mrs Howorth has charts and models. One of the charts she showed me illustrated the structure of uranium and was made of green sequins stuck on cardboard. A model showing the position of "heavy water"

was in plasticine, made by her husband.

He is a retired Army major who takes a keen interest in his wife's hobby and edits the magazine Atomic Digest for the institute.

Mrs Howorth herself has spent night after night reading books about atomics. "Women everywhere

must be taught not to be frightened by scientific terms," she said. "And I am a great feminist. If women ask me how to construct the perfect kitchen I tell them to put a bookcase in it."

Although Mrs Howorth's first classes were for housewives, she complains that "they did not spread their own knowledge beyond their own four walls." But news of her lectures to women's institutes and business women's associations soon independent venture.

reached the upper-crust level and a new fashion started.

Atomic cocktail parties are now all the rage and nuclear physics provide quite the smartest conversation topic at dinners in Mayfair.

This does not mean to say that society women are any cleverer than housewives.

Mrs Howorth's favourite story is of the titled woman who gushed after a lecture: "It was wonderful! Do come to lunch tomorrow and tell me what it was all about."

Despite the horn-rimmed reading-glasses Mrs Howorth is no blue-stocking. Before the war she acted in films—"always the vampish parts"—but she became more interested in the technical side of the cinema. During the war she was employed at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough on high-speed filming.

Now a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, Fellow of the Physical Society and also of the Royal Empire Society (she is a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, too, for good measure), she has a full-time job doing research work for the Government. The "atomic salon" is a completely independent venture.



MRS. HOWORTH—"I am a great feminist."

What with working at her job, running her flat and looking after her husband, who has been ill for two years, Mrs Howorth finds she has little time left to play the piano or visit her doctor son.

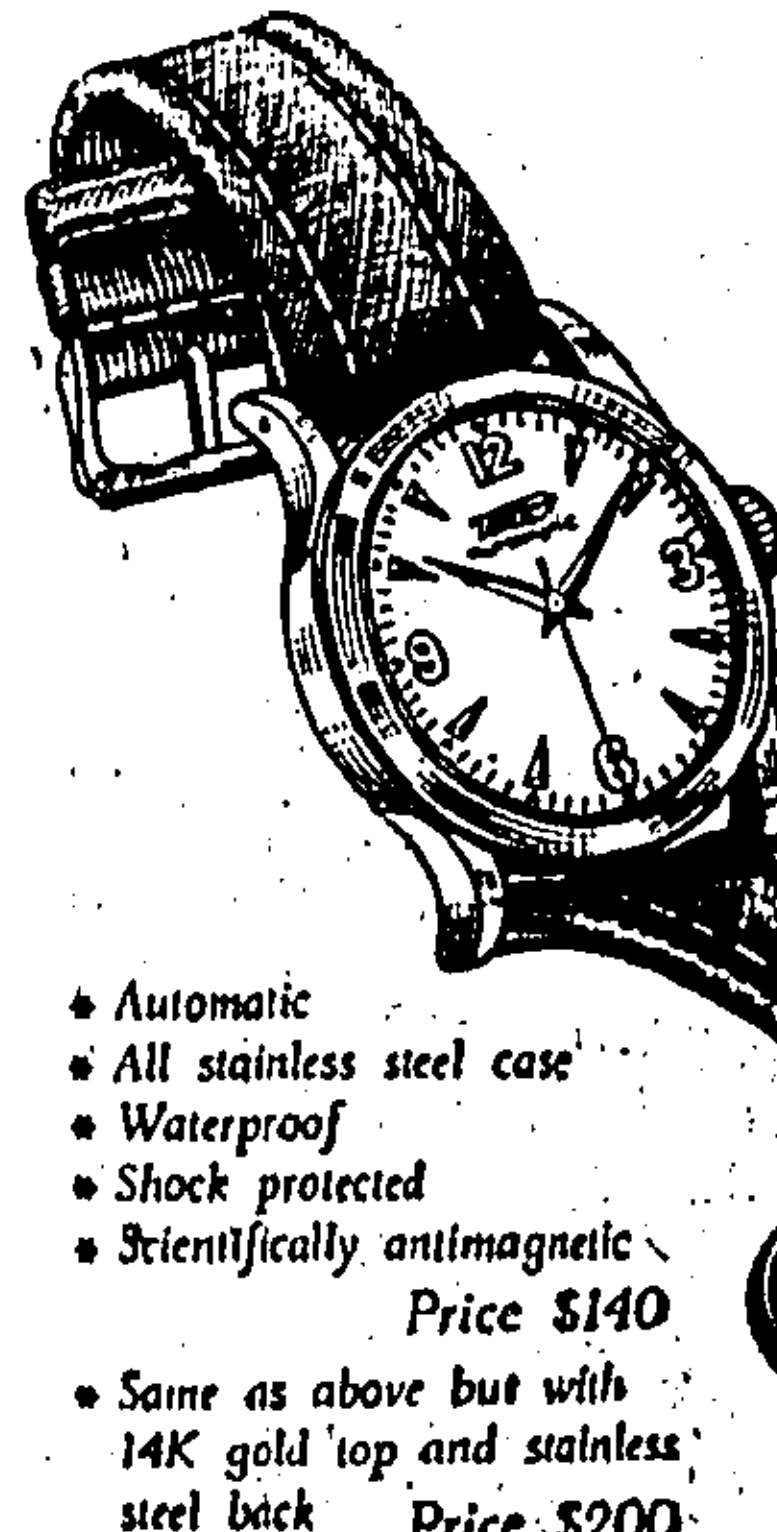
She is also busy with her publications. Apart from writing pamphlets dealing with atomic terminology, a book about Professor Soddy, Nobel prize-winning scientist, she has brought out a story for children called Atom in Wonderland. It is easy enough to understand technicalities when they are explained in this way:

"In his castle under the ground Atom was very happy because he had lots of friends. The Daddies were called Mr Proton, and the Mummies were called Mrs Neutron, and all the children were called Electrons."

This autumn will see the publication of her latest book. It is for women and its title, appropriately enough, is Atom and Eve.

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OMEGA • Tissot

By FRANCIS MARTIN

PETER BROOK makes ROMAN MUSIC

... with champagne glasses and a plastic trumpet

THEATRICAL people are raving, belittling, humming and hawing or blinking incredulously about a plumping ex-prodigy in a powder-blue suit, with electric blue eyes, beetle brows and an enthusiastic titter: Peter Brook.

A hat, trick caused the brouhaha. At Stratford-on-Avon Brook (a) produced Shakespeare's most slaughterous and problematical tragedy, *Titus Andronicus*; (b) designed the scenery and costumes; (c) wrote the incidental music. Most critics, even born sour-pusses, gave him the accolade on all three counts.

A year's sweat and slog have had their reward. On *Titus*, Brook worked four preliminary and eight intensive months. For this he was paid rather less than a keen-confidant worker. "My fees," he reckons, "worked out at about £10 a week."

Limitations

Why didn't he make things easier for himself by farming out the music to some acknowledged composer? "Because," says Brook, who sees other people's limitations as clearly as his own talents, "I couldn't think how to get from any composer I know music primitive enough for my purpose. In the theatre people listen to music with only a quarter of an ear. Composers insist on writing for an ear and a half. Or even three."

"So I decided to write the music myself. As a composer of two-note and three-note tunes I am far closer to the mentality of the primitive Roman, than any composer I have ever met."

For weeks at a stretch, then, Brook closeted himself with grand piano, tape recorder and a young collaborator, William Blezard on the top floor of

the natty handbox where he and his wife Natasha live in Gordon Place, off Kensington Church Street. It was not merely a matter of inventing barbaric tunelets. The music had to be utterly different from conventional theatre stuff in texture and "feel" as well.

Brook and Blezard clashed experimentally with pots and warming pans, played with pencils on Venetian glass phials, turned wire baskets into harps. The effects they mocked up were finally played and recorded professionally. Here are some of them:

Two chords

For the stag hunt scene Brook experimented on a plastic trumpet which Natasha bought him for fun in Harrods' toy department. After an hour or so he hit on a motif which Blezard scored for real trumpet and trombone. This was performed slowly, fed through an echo box and played back at lightning speed. Brook claims that the results hit off to perfection Queen Tamora's lines:

The babbling echo mocks the horns,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.

For the scene where the unspeakable Aaron cuts off *Titus's* hand, he put a microphone inside his Strohenger grand, invented two chords, played them softly in endless alternation, over-recorded them savagely and had them played back at sepulchral pitch.

"Doesn't sound like a piano in the least," he gloats. "You'd say it was an outside organ doubled by a gigantic double-bass fiddle. Frightens you to death."

For the scene where the second-mad Titus is discovered seated at a blood-red desk in his blood-red study, Brook

sorted out all the wine-glasses at Gordon Place until he found a set that would ring out a monotonous little tune and a chord to match when played on with pencils. Five Georgian champagne glasses were among them. All survived; he is astonished to say. Result: an eerie knell symbolising the slow drag of Time.

Unpalatable

For the play's funeral moments, he stamped rhythmically on the sustaining pedal of his Strohenger to make all the piano strings shudder and moan fitly once. Monstrously amplified and deepened, the Brook Stomp, as I suppose we must call it, accompanies a death-march tune ("Three notes only—very like Three Blind Mice") on recorders which have been so contorted and slow-recorded that they sound 20 feet long and as breathy as blast furnaces.

As you will see, Brook gives off theatrical ideas as an emery wheel sparks. The ideas are not always good. Sometimes they are unpalatable. His 25 or more West End and festival productions since he was 19 (11 years ago) include certain flops or debatable things. For most of

these Brook still has a kindly word.

Why was his *Romeo and Juliet* (Stratford, 1947) hated so? Because, explains Brook, his production of it was anti-romantic, anti-sentimental.

Martin: "But *Romeo* is a romantic play, isn't it?" Brook: "Yes. But not in the Victorian way—trees, moonlight, gauze, rumber roses and all that. What I tried to put over was Elizabethan romanticism, a fierce, violent thing. Remember, *Romeo* is a romantic play, isn't it?"

Brook: "Yes. But not in the Victorian way—trees, moonlight, gauze, rumber roses and all that. What I tried to put over was Elizabethan romanticism, a fierce, violent thing. Remember, *Romeo* is a romantic play, isn't it?"

Then Salome. Brook produced Richard Strauss's opera at Covent Garden against a provocative decor by Salvador Dali. On the first night he was booed and whistled at by the gallery. This episode he wears as a medal.

"The first-night gallery at Covent Garden represents the Old Guard, for which I haven't much use. Salome could have won over three-quarters of its enemies if given a fair chance. But Dali's designs were never seen in their finished state. Singers who didn't like their

It's the same the whole world over, says RICHARD HUGHES, and braves the wrath of thousands when he makes the claim...

EAST, WEST—HIKERS RUIN THE BEAUTY SPOTS

IT is perhaps difficult for you to imagine young hikers beginning an excursion into the

Tokyo countryside with loud shouts of: "Let me be clean in body and mind!"

But the equivalent Japanese invocation, "Rokkonshojo," is earnestly and sincerely chanted by the pilgrims who open the annual climbing season of Mount Fuji in this land of the Rising Sun.

This is "honourable Japanese custom," and no doubt very edifying, too.

No one would dare to question the tradition of the supremely purifying symbolism of an ascent of the sacred slopes of Mount Fuji. Indeed, even a certain type of impressionable gulf (foreigner) becomes delirious in describing his spiritual rebirth during the climb.

Myself, I'll test this out when they put up a cable railway to the peak.

However, many Japanese are bitterly contrasting the true pilgrims' appeal for spiritual and bodily cleanliness with the "garbage behaviour" of many of the younger climbers.

As soon as they reach the top they unburden themselves of a tonnage of waste paper, empty beer and sake bottles, tins, food and rice boxes, fish-heads and other picturesque impediments—so numerous and varied it is hardly conceivable it could have been transported by haversack to the peak.

It seems this rotting accumulation of debris should in time noticeably increase the natural 12,000-foot height of the noble

mountain. It seems, too, that the Japanese version of a hike or climb is no better and no worse than his white counterpart.

Several Japanese newspapers have launched a crusade for cleanliness in eating and cleanliness in the disposal of litter by Fuji climbers, as well as cleanliness in mind and heart.

They also protest against the practice of gouging names, and addresses on holy stones, historic monuments, temple slabs and shrine steps at the top of the mountain. The innocent foreign climber is inclined to mistake these hieroglyphics for reverent Buddhist quotations or mystical poems until he learns otherwise.

There is clearly a camaraderie of untidiness among hikers and holiday makers the world over. East does meet West over an informal rubbish heap at any beautiful scenic resort.

One Tokyo newspaper suggested that to curb vandalism a sort of giant visitors' book should be placed on the top of Mount Fuji, in which climbers would write their names and addresses and dates of climb, with appropriate remarks, ceremoniously and decorously.

"Someone would steal the book or set fire to it before it had been on exhibition for a week," commented a sceptical letter to the writer next day.

Anyhow, the cry around Mount Fuji these days is: "Rokkonshojo!"

BILL MCGOWRAN offers some possible answers to a 67-year-old question:

Who Was Jack The Ripper?

FOR nearly 70 years the world has sought the answer to the grimmest and ghastliest of all riddles. Detectives of all nations, scientists, criminologists, novelists and ordinary amateur students of crime like you and me have studied the clues and racked their brains to find the answer.

Who was Jack the Ripper?

Nobody knows. Nobody will ever know. But many people have claimed that they knew the identity of London's most mysterious and most ferocious mass murderer. Many others have built up ingenious theories to suggest whom he might have been. But for purposes of practical record the identity of Jack the Ripper is a mystery as impenetrable as the song the Sphinx sang or the name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among the women.

But Sir Thomas Browne reminded us that even those classic puzzles are not beyond conjecture. Nor is the riddle of the Ripper.

Even after 67 years it is hardly necessary to recapitulate the grisly story of the Ripper murders, those shuddering three months in 1888 when all London walked in terror after nightfall. Indeed, so revolting were the details of his slaying that few people could bring themselves to write, or read, of them in this more enlightened day.

Six Women

Briefly, this is the story:

An unknown murderer butchered six women in the streets of the East End between August 7 and November 9, 1888. There were no murders during the month of October and the slayings came to an end as suddenly as they had begun. Two of the women, Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes, were killed on the same night, September 30, within half an hour of each other and within minutes' walk. The first of the two was killed in Berners Street, Whitechapel, and the second in Mitre Square, on the boundary of Whitechapel and the City of London.

All the murdered women were prostitutes, all the crimes were committed in the East End; three in Spitalfields, two in Whitechapel and one in the City area. All the murders took place in the dead-of-night, and all were characterized by the same maniacal ferocity—the bodies were hacked and gashed with a very sharp knife. In each case death apparently came with merciful swiftness, for the victim's throat was cut with one quick and powerful slash. One of the women was actually beheaded.

But the most dreadful feature was the revolting treatment of the bodies after death, treatment which bore the unmistakable evidence of a hand and brain skilled in surgical knowledge.

Police Cordons

Despite the fact that the strongest police cordons London had ever known up to that time were thrown round the districts in which he prowled, the Ripper was seen only three times after he was seen at all.

Witnesses, including one policeman, recalled after crimes had been committed having seen him in the vicinity of a tall, pale man with a black moustache. He wore a cap and a long coat, and walked with the vigorous stride of a young man. That is all.

Such, then, in very brief outline, is the story of the murders.

During the reign of terror which possessed London while the Ripper stalked the East End streets, and in the years since, many stories have been told and many theories advanced to "prove" the Ripper's identity. In the main, they fall into these eight categories:

1. The Foreigner. At the time it was commonly believed that Jack the Ripper must be a foreigner. The teeming warrens and slums of Spitalfields, Aldgate and Whitechapel, were the melting pot to which thousands of foreigners were flocking at that period from Germany, Poland, Russia and the Baltic countries.

A foreigner "on the run" could be sure of shelter there from his compatriots. Only a man who lived in the locality could be familiar with the bewildering maze of alleys and courts which made it possible to pass from Aldgate to Stepney right through Spitalfields and Whitechapel by daylight without touching a single main street.

A Postcard

But this theory was refuted by the Ripper himself—or so we believe—in a postcard written in red ink and addressed to a newspaper which caught the public imagination and gave the unknown murderer the name by which he was known forever after:

"I'm not an alien maniac. Nor yet a foreign tripper. I'm just your jolly, lively friend. Yours truly—Jack the Ripper."

2. The Policeman. In spite of the concentration of police in the district on the night of September 30 the Ripper got through the cordon and struck twice. "Only a policeman or a man in police uniform could have got through," said the exponents of this theory. Some went further and suggested that the abrupt ending of the Ripper slayings was due to the discovery that they were committed by a high-ranking police official of such importance that the matter had to be hushed up.

3. The Woman. Theorists who insisted that the Ripper must be a woman adopted a similar argument to that of the Policeman school—"Only a woman could have got through the police cordon without arousing suspicion."

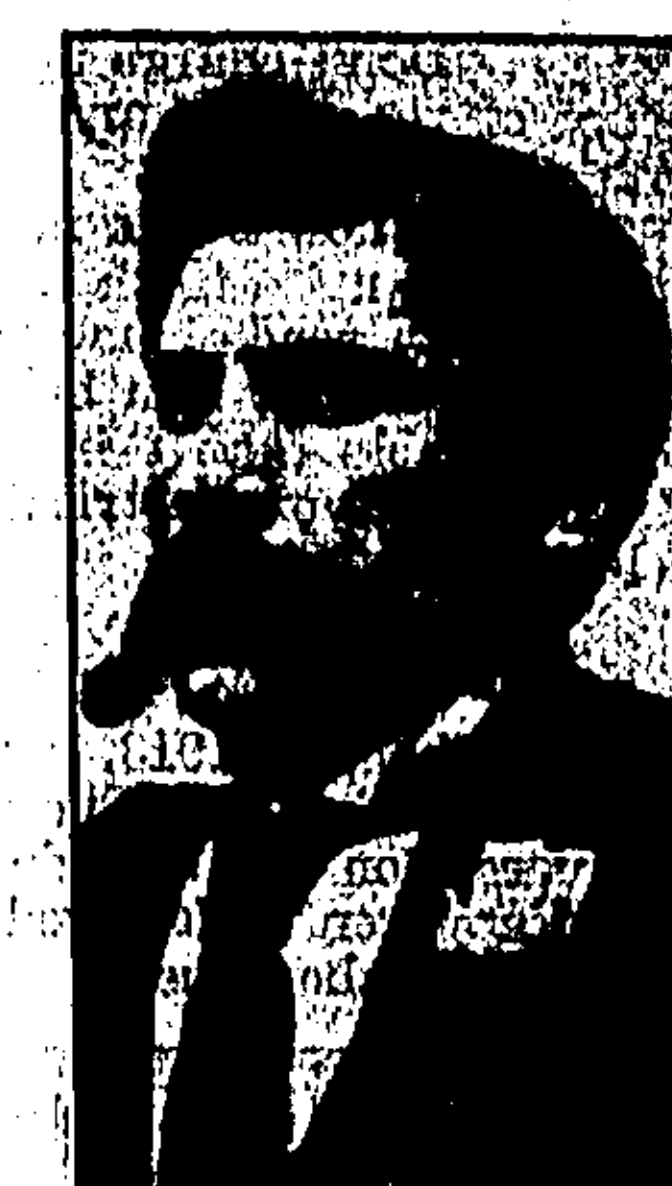
4. The Mad Surgeon. Was Jack the Ripper a famous Harley Street surgeon, a dual personality, an Evelyn-Hyde lines? One published version of this story alleged that the "mad surgeon" was tracked down by a clairvoyant named Robert James Lees and committed to an asylum. To account for his disappearance his "hidden death" was announced and funeral rites actually conducted.

Sixth Victim

5. A Father's Vengeance. Another published "solution" is the story of another famous surgeon, demented by the death of his son, whose downfall was due to a woman of the streets. He sought news of her from other women, always killing his informant to cover his trail. The sixth victim, Marie Kelly, was the woman he sought, and after killing her he fled the country, finally revealing his identity on his deathbed in Buenos Aires.

6. The American Sailor. One of the people who saw the Ripper was the "policeman" who discovered the third victim, Ann Chapman, in Bucks Row, a courtyard off Hanbury Street, Spitalfields. This policeman also spoke of a witness, a seafaring man with an American accent, who spoke to him the night after the murder on his beat and said that he too had seen the murdered woman in the company of a man just before the crime. He gave his name and address, but these proved to be false, and all attempts to trace him failed.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES



"This sinister monster could have been capable of any crime," George Chapman, hanged in 1904.

Four women witnesses said that they had also spoken to this searing man with an American drawl.

7. George Chapman. A Pole named Severino Klosowski, who took the name of George Chapman, owned a public house in Southwark and was hanged in 1904 for poisoning three women. "The Borough Poisoner" certainly had the pale face and dark moustache attributed to the Ripper. Having seen his photograph, I am convinced that this sinister-faced monster could have been capable of any crime. The last Ripper murder took place on November 1, 1888, a week before Chapman left London. While he was living in New Jersey an exactly similar chain of atrocities took place in that State. The American murders also finished abruptly when Chapman left the U.S. and returned to Britain. Chapman was amiable, so was the Ripper. Chapman had served in the Russian Army as a surgeon's assistant. During the period of the Ripper murders Chapman worked in Whitechapel as a barber—an expert with a cut-throat razor.

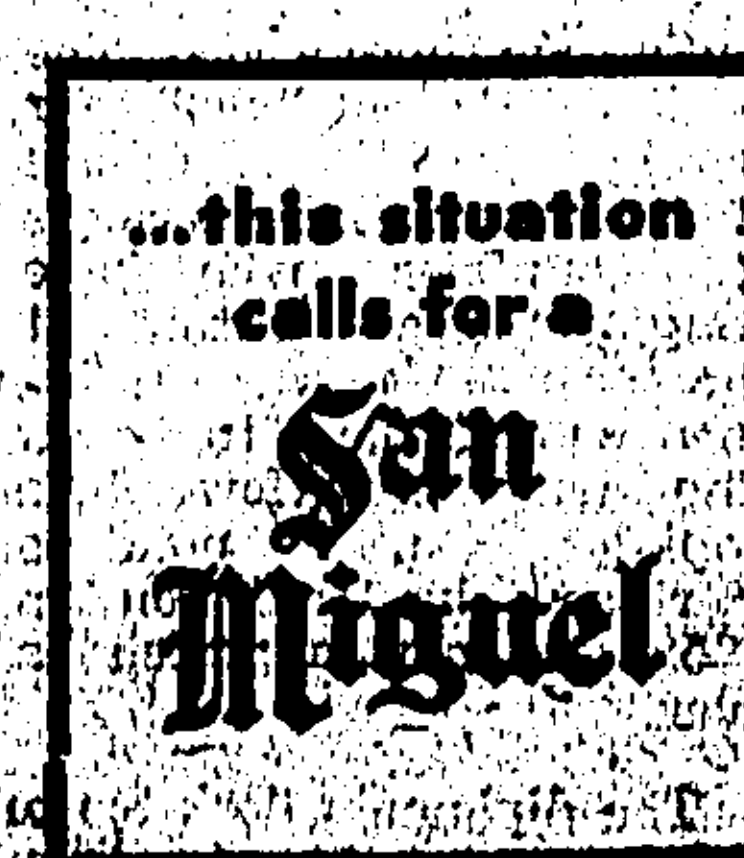
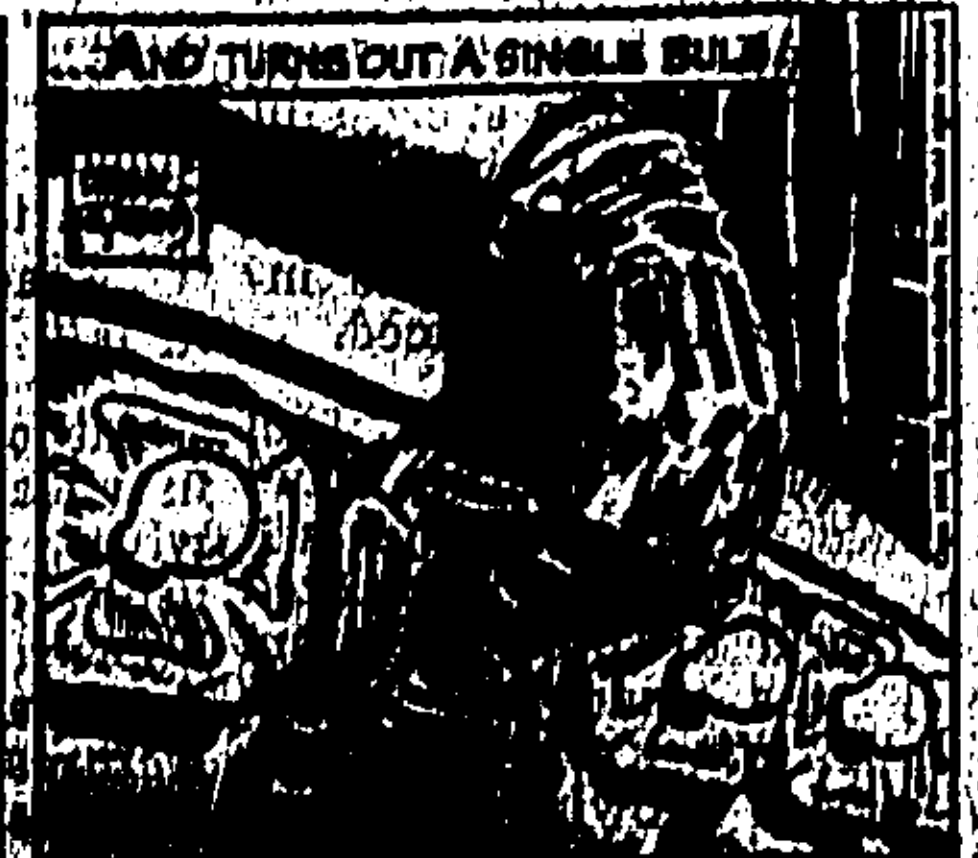
Like a Skull

8. The Man with the White Eyes. To add to the general panic, East End hoodlums developed the playful habit of springing out of alleys and courtyards to frighten women walking along the streets. One of these grim "jokers" was arrested three weeks later. His face was blackened with burnt cork, upon which he had painted a white pattern of rings round his eyes and mouth to make his face look like a skull.

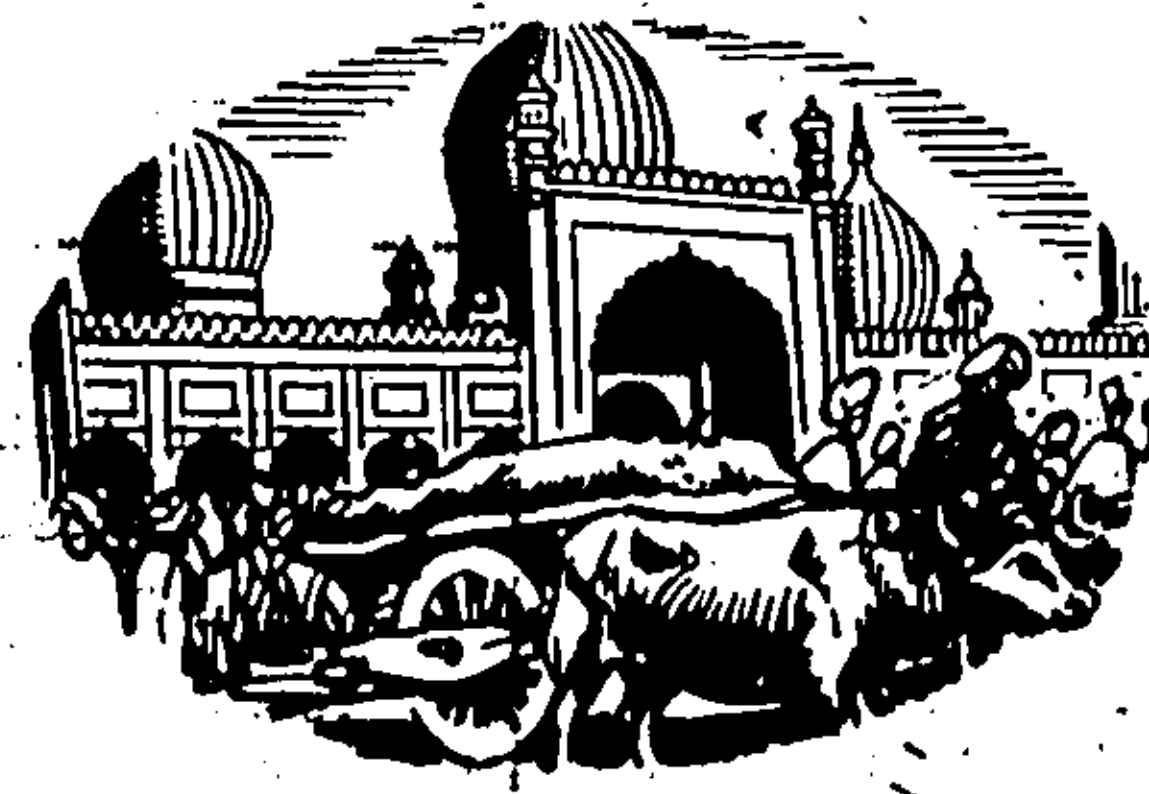
At this time, the height of the scare after the sixth and last murder, any arrest connected with the Ripper, however remotely, had to be communicated to police headquarters at Old Scotland Yard, then housed in Royal Palace Yard. The man was taken there for interrogation by two highly-placed officials. As soon as he was alone with them he grabbed an ebony rigger, laid them both out with this weapon, and dashed out of the building. Three weeks later his body, with the face still painted, was found in the Thames near Hungerford Bridge. His identity was never established and none of the witnesses who thought they had seen the Ripper could swear to identification of the decomposed body. But one policeman "thought" it was the same man to whom he had spoken in the East End after the second murder.

By Frank Robbins

JOHNNY HAZARD



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

How to be a gentlewoman

● At Lady Tarbat's soon-to-be-opened Academy of Social Graces, the girls will not only be gaffe-less—they will be a blend of undercover, expert knowledge...

THIS is the age of "How to." One can pay a fee for a short, sharp course on anything from "How to grow your own spaghetti" to "How to develop a panel-game personality." Now what used to be the most

by
ANNE SHARPLEY

Slim New Look For Lingerie

By ELEANOR ROSS

IT'S not how much lace and ruffles a slip or petticoat wears that makes it smart this season; it's how the pretty thing is constructed. For with the slimmer, more relaxed silhouette, lingerie must conform suavely to what goes over it.

That's why the gently-flared, long-bodied slip or half-slip is more important in the new season's picture than last year's bouncing bouffant. Now construction extends to generous shadow panels, since so many dress fabrics are, and will continue to be, sheers. Few women want really heavy fabrics in lingerie, so the filmy nylon tricot and batistes need the shadow paneling from seam to seam.

Ribbons and Ruffles

There's also a tendency to provide beauty and femininity by means of interesting yardage, rather than by trimmings that might create bulk. That doesn't mean, of course, that ribbons and ruffles have been discarded, but they have been used skillfully.

A slip or half-slip may have underlayers of pastel net low on the skirt or about the hemline. Or the trim may be narrow blue velvet ribbon set between small ruffles of shirred net.

Some of the elegant touches are: embroidered net panels that underline the bust and form a deep torso silhouette, all-over embroidery on the bodice and scalloped lace at hemline or bust.

Embossed Batiste

Two of the most outstanding lingerie fabrics for warm weather are embossed batiste and sacron-and-cotton blends, both easy to wash, both comfortable at all times. There's also a wide array of printed cottons, some with superimposed embroidery that gives the print pattern extra richness and dimension.

While most lingerie fabrics require little or no ironing these days, there will always be women who are quite willing to spend a few minutes at the ironing board in order to get the kind of garments they prefer. For those perfectionists, there are lovely cottons, silks and crepes.

White invariably takes the lead in warm weather lingerie, but lemon, lime and lavender are coming along fast, beautiful additions to the blues and pinks in the lingerie wardrobe.

Even though these delicate colours are washable, it's just as well to launder them separately from your white garments. While nylon, remember, is apt to pick up a tinge from even the palest colours in the same wash water.

Stating the preference is a tall, dark dashing woman whose use of the word "lady" is purely as title, Lady Tarbat.

She is about to impart her knowledge on "how to be a member of society in a nice way" to girls who will pay 80 guineas for 60 hours tuition (spread over a month).

It will be a course, not a finishing school, that's the development.

And the modern "nice" girl as envisaged by Lady Tarbat and her partner, Mrs Joan Broome, at the soon-to-be-opened "Academy of Social Graces" is a far, far snappier girl than ever imagined by Lady Troubridge, the last great arbiter of social behaviour whose 30-year-old standard work on the subject still surprisingly stands.

A blend

The Tarbat-trained girl will not only be a gaffe-less girl, she will be a blend of undercover expert knowledge. She will look as though she thought kitchen sink meant the lift to the basement, but when actually faced with the washing up will seize the mop the right way and do the washing up in the proper sequence ("Glasses first, ash trays last").

It is the Tarbat-trained girl who will rush to the fuse-box when the lights go out at a party. And who between mammas will renew the washer on her hostess's lap.

And what she has gained in practical knowledge she will have retained in social graciousness.

"Old fashioned manners in a modern world, it doesn't matter what happens to the world," says Lady Tarbat. "Good manners are always possible."

Atom-age courtesy includes the revival of the respect that used to be shown to old people.

"Don't you agree there isn't enough of it nowadays?" asked Lady Tarbat.

The rules

Here are some of her rules: "Youngsters should always get up when an old person comes into the room."

"Girls should always stand up when greeted by an older woman. The older woman should immediately have good enough manners to say 'do sit down,' but at least the gesture will have been made."

"If there is only one comfortable chair in the room, a young girl should always get up and offer it to the older woman."

The Tarbat girl will be recognizable because you will not notice her.

"A well-bred, charming girl walking into the room will not be noticed. We don't want them to walk like models, I know, I

used to be a model myself," says Lady Tarbat. "And you have to show the clothes, be an extrovert."

"We don't want to turn out either models or film stars." Nevertheless, in a quiet way, poise and grace must be learned. Particularly by those girls "with faces like flowers who, the moment they start to move, propel themselves with their arms." Or those "who sit as though they hadn't any idea they have a backbone at all."

Social lessons will be taught with realistic humour. "How to eat caviare. Spread a little on the toast provided. Squeeze a little lemon juice on it, and take a small bite. You can't take more than a small bite as a little is all you get."

And even more realistic will be the recognition of the decline in snobbery.

"Young people want to meet people who do things."

So as "guest speaker" in the month's course Lady Tarbat will present not a titled acquaintance, but "somebody like Jack Hawkins."

"I don't know what he could say to the girls except what he thinks about girls. But they'd love to meet him."

Meeting Mr Hawkins is part of Lady Tarbat's campaign: to dispose of that strange and exclusively British terror of men that is one of the by-products of the more expensive girls' education.

"Our young girls panic when they see a young man approaching them for the first time. Instead of thinking that this is just a friend they think 'This is one of the opposite sex, and lose their heads.'"

Encounter

Mr Hawkins will no doubt prove a most reassuring first encounter.

But what a curious reflection on our schools Lady Tarbat and all the other finishing media are.

Does it not seem strange that after stuffing young girls' heads with facts that they will quickly forget and hardly refer to again, they should have been taught nothing about living in society with or without a capital "S"?

If I could have my way (which I never will) there would be a Lady Tarbat at every school.

And every girl would be able to cope with the caviare and Mr Hawkins as a matter of schooling, not of a course.

SMOKING

... THE TARBAT WAY

- 1.—Sit elegantly and look relaxed.
- 2.—Always use a holder. It prevents nicotine stains and looks more graceful.
- 3.—Have an ashtray handy.



Fath points the way to winter

by EILEEN ASCROFT

A CLOSELY-guarded secret till today, here is one of the first pictures of the new Paris line for winter 1955. Fashion pointers include:

- 1—South-west African Persian lamb as the top fur trimming;
- 2—Simple Oriental collars;
- 3—Square look to the shoulders, with inset sleeves;
- 4—Moulded waistline, unbelted;
- 5—Low-set pockets giving long-body look;
- 6—Tunic skirt, with slim underskirt;
- 7—Three-quarter sleeves, with important cuffs;
- 8—A barrel muff to match a tiny fur cap;

In grey worsted trimmed with astrakhan, this coat dress by Genevieve Fath is the one I would choose myself if I could take my pick of the French collections. It is smart, practical and, though in the latest fashion, is not too extreme.

NEW PLASTIC FABRICS

If you're planning to do that is needed to keep them any redecorating take a look at the new upholstery fabrics. And there are new plastic materials that even breathe these days!

They don't cling to you; they aren't too cold, too hot or too shiny. They have all the nice qualities of a woven fabric, yet they are wonderfully washable. All

almond and turquoise are included on the colour card.

While we're on the subject of plastics, there's word of a new first aid for aging, dingy walls, something that is as easy to apply as a ready-made bandage.

This fabulous new do-it-yourself wall-covering goes on with cut the aid of paper, adhesive, tacks or nails. Just mellow the back of the sheet-by-eight inch tiles and they stick to plaster, plywood, or plaster-wood-veneer to railings.

A HAT A DAY



For that evening when you want to look smart but not formal—for the quiet hits a fever—Dolores has created "French Can Can." A black velvet breton with a shaped crown and a great big rose backed by a posy for trimming. (Express Fashion Service)

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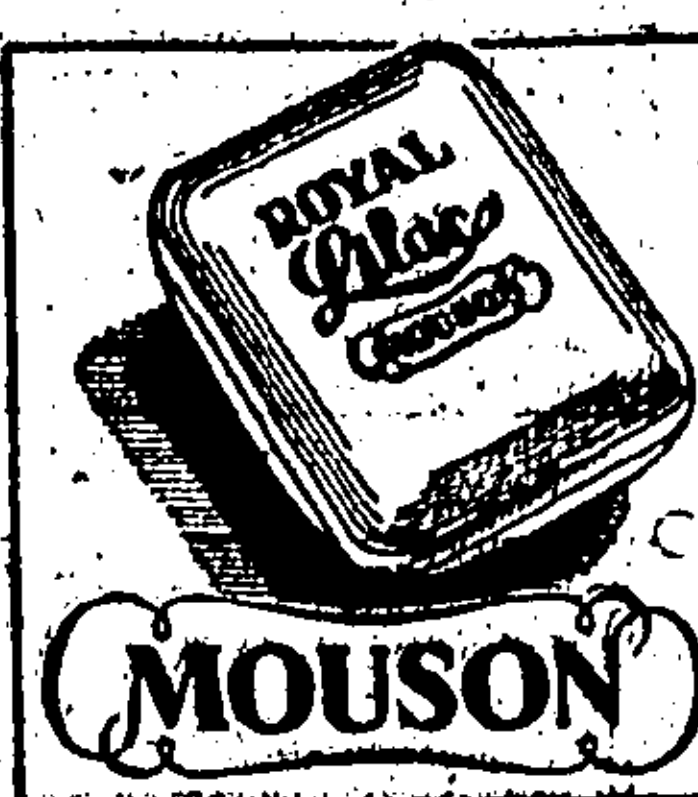
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THE nine American nationals released by the Chinese Communists after long terms of imprisonment who reached Hongkong in the past week. From top left down: Father James Joyce, the Rev. Dr. Levi A. Lovgren, Miss Sarah Perkins, Father Frederick A. Gordon. The five above are, from left: Father Harold W. Rigney, Mr. Walter A. Rickett, Miss Dorothy Middleton, Mr. Lawrence Richard Buol and Father Joseph E. Hyde. (Staff Photographer)



ANNUAL meeting of the Hongkong Council of Women at Government House. Lady Grantham, Honorary President, presided. Miss I. Wallace-Turner, retiring chairman, seen addressing the large gathering. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: The young friends of young Anthony Evans at his seventh birthday party. Anthony is the son of Mr and Mrs K. Evans. (Ming Yuen)



THE team from the Police Training School, Aberdeen, winners of the Police Inter-Divisional Revolver Shoot. Picture taken at last Saturday's prize presentation. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group picture taken at the gathering of parishioners of the Diamond Hill Church at Kai Tak. (May-fair)

THE christening of Linda Ann, daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Tang, at St Jude's Church last Saturday. (Ming Yuen)

PASSAGES
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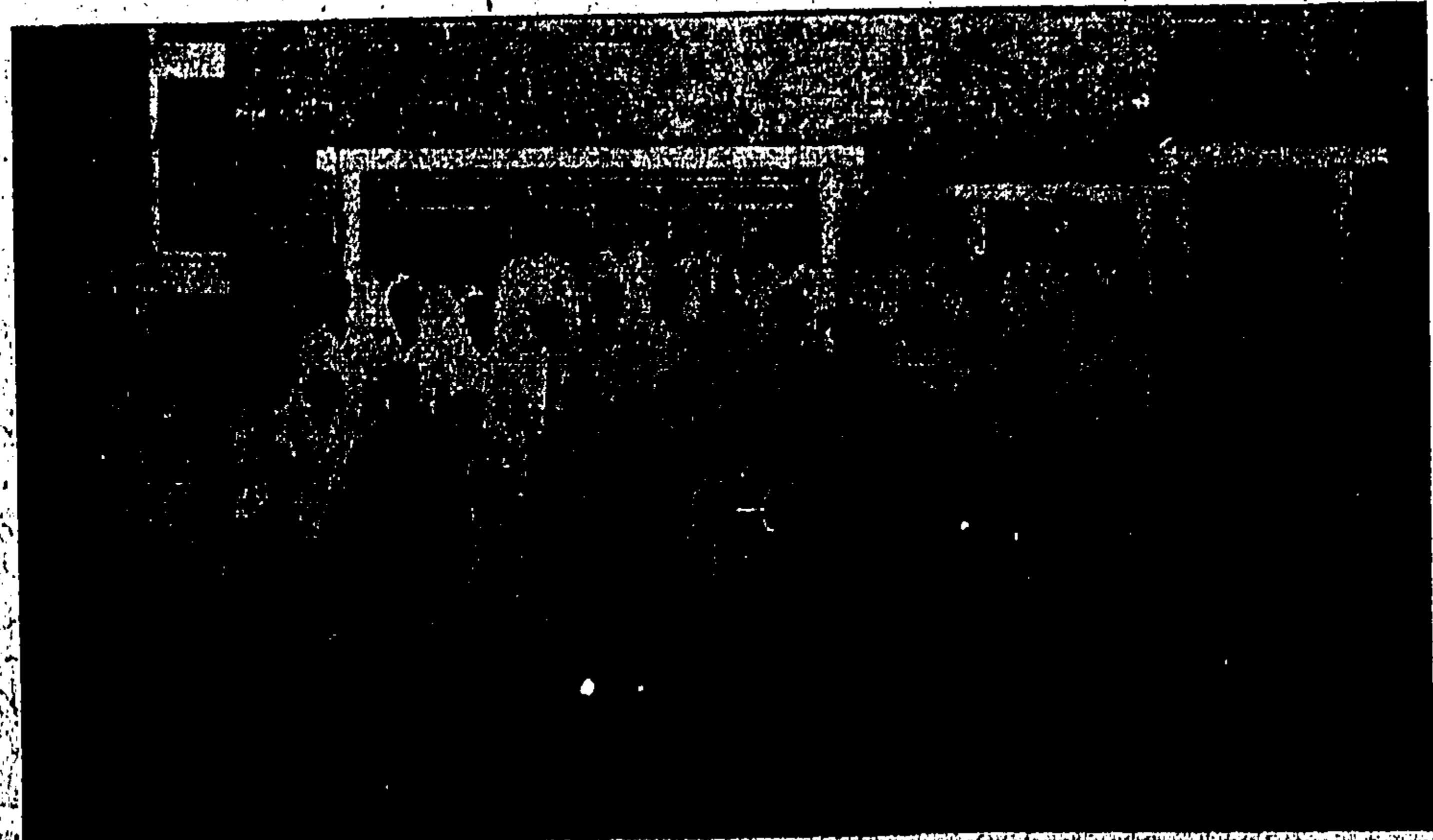
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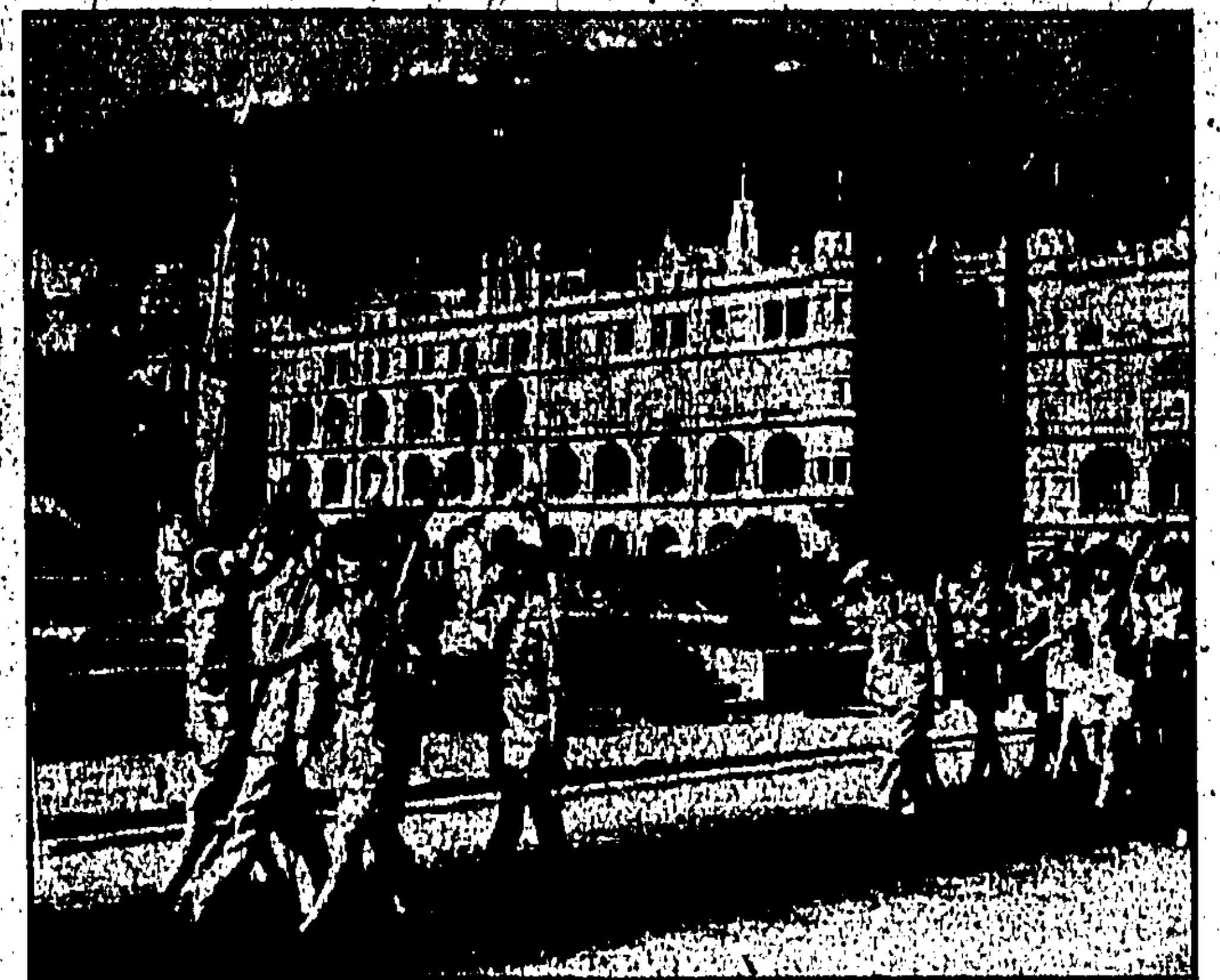
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HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham being conducted around the exhibition of Royal Air Force pictures and equipment at the New York Theatre by Group Captain A. W. Wood. The exhibition was arranged in connection with the charity premiere of the film "The Night My Number Came Up." (Staff Photographer)



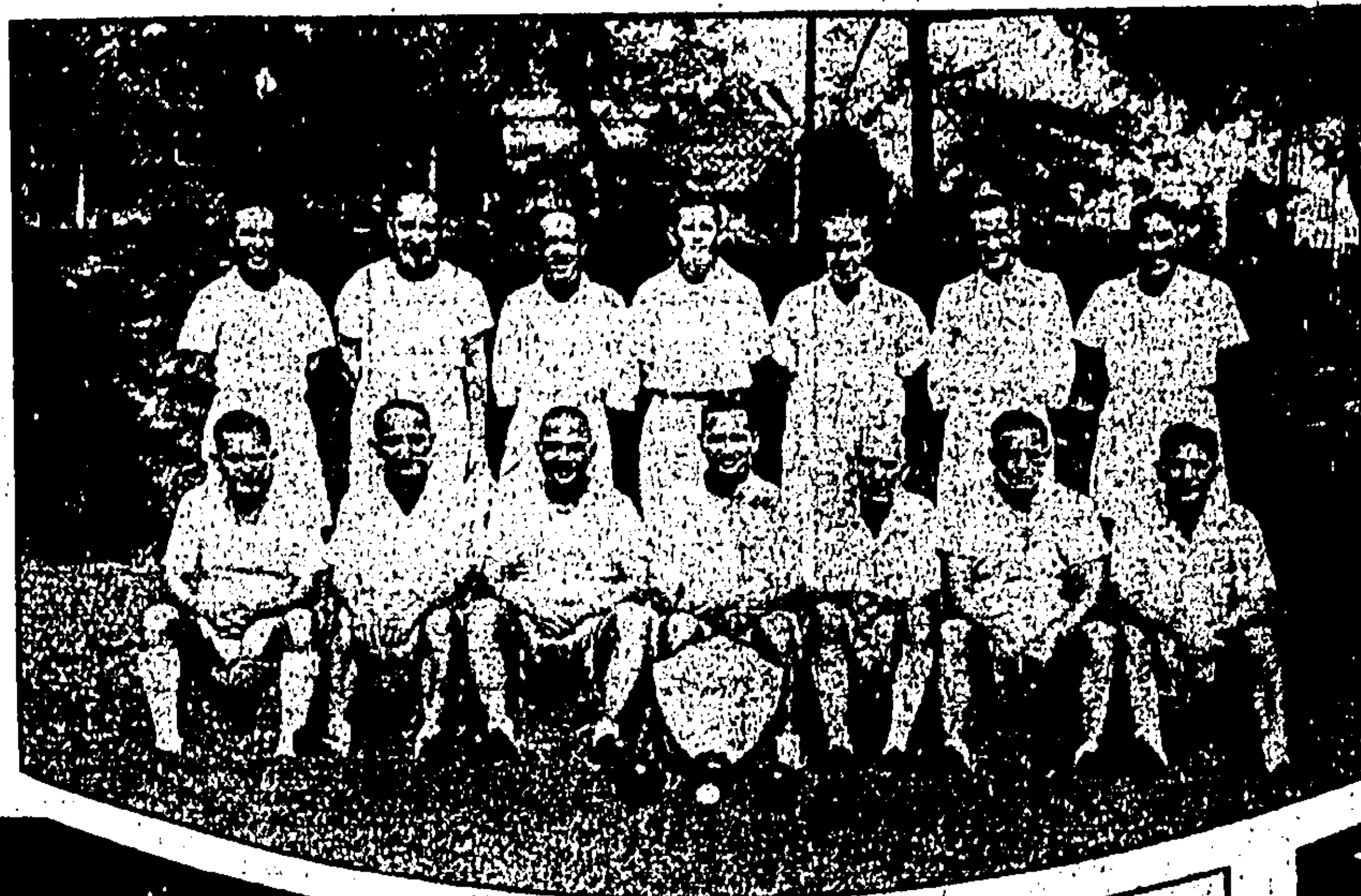
MISS Bonnie Parsons, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. J. Parsons, cutting the cake at her seventh birthday party. (Ming Yuen)



28 SQUADRON, Royal Air Force, parading its Standard for the first time in public at last Sunday's Battle of Britain Parade. His Excellency the Governor took the salute on the Cenotaph steps. (Staff Photographer)

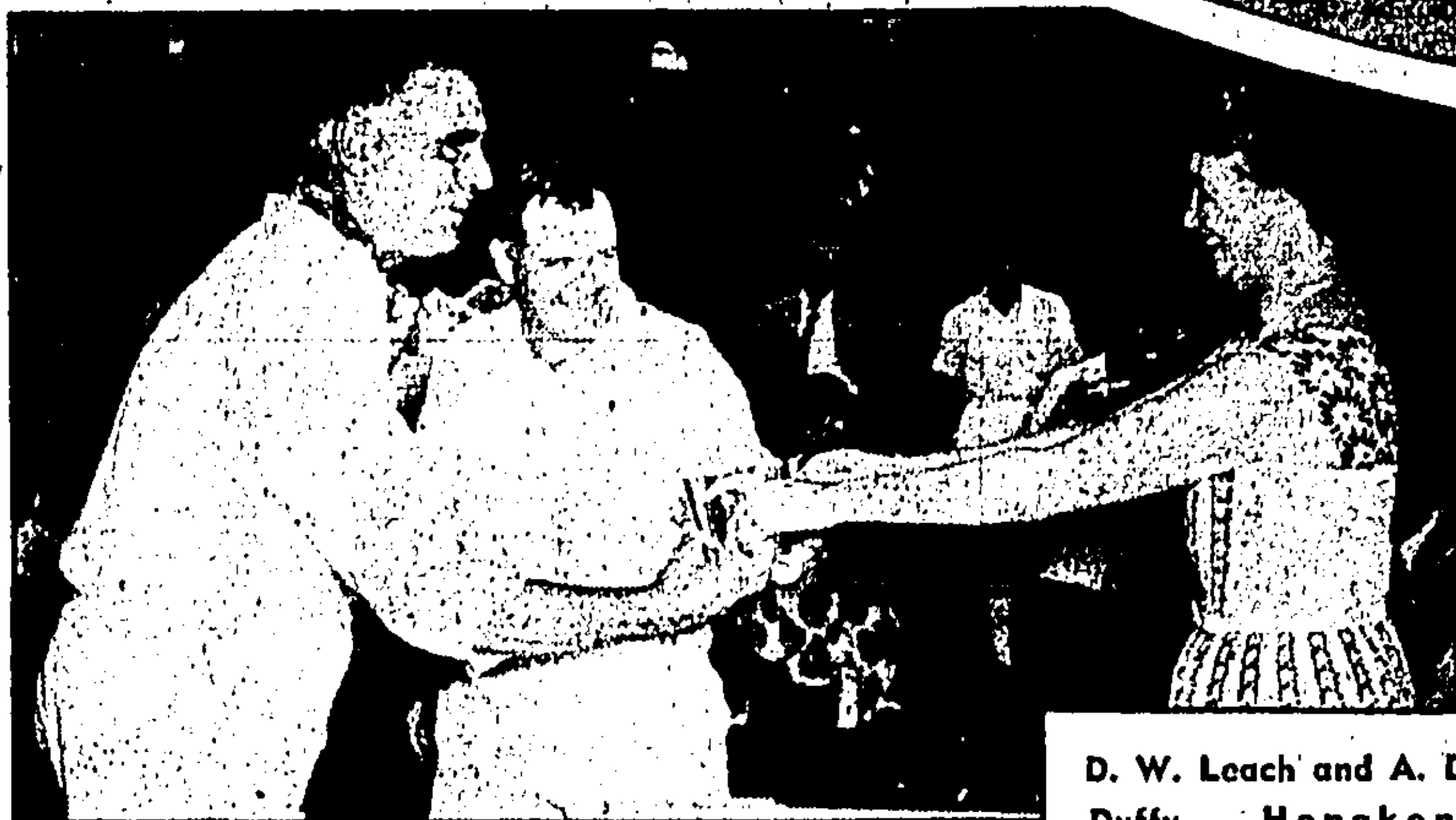


CHRISTENING at St Andrew's Church last Saturday of Allister Joffrey Walpole, son of Major and Mrs C. Walpole. (Willie's)



LEFT: Club de Recreio "Blues" team, winners of the First Division in this year's Lawn Bowls League. S. E. Passos, the captain, is seated third from left. (Mainland)

MR F. F. Booth, until recently Hongkong manager of the American President Lines, left last Sunday by the President Wilson to take up his new appointment in Japan. He was accompanied by Mrs. Booth and their daughter, Stephanie, and they were seen off by many friends. Mr. Booth receiving the good wishes of Dr and Mrs Arthur Woo. (Staff Photographer)



D. W. Leach and A. D. Duffy, Hongkong Cricket Club lawn bowls pairs champions, receiving trophies from Mrs F. C. B. Black at the closing day prize presentation last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

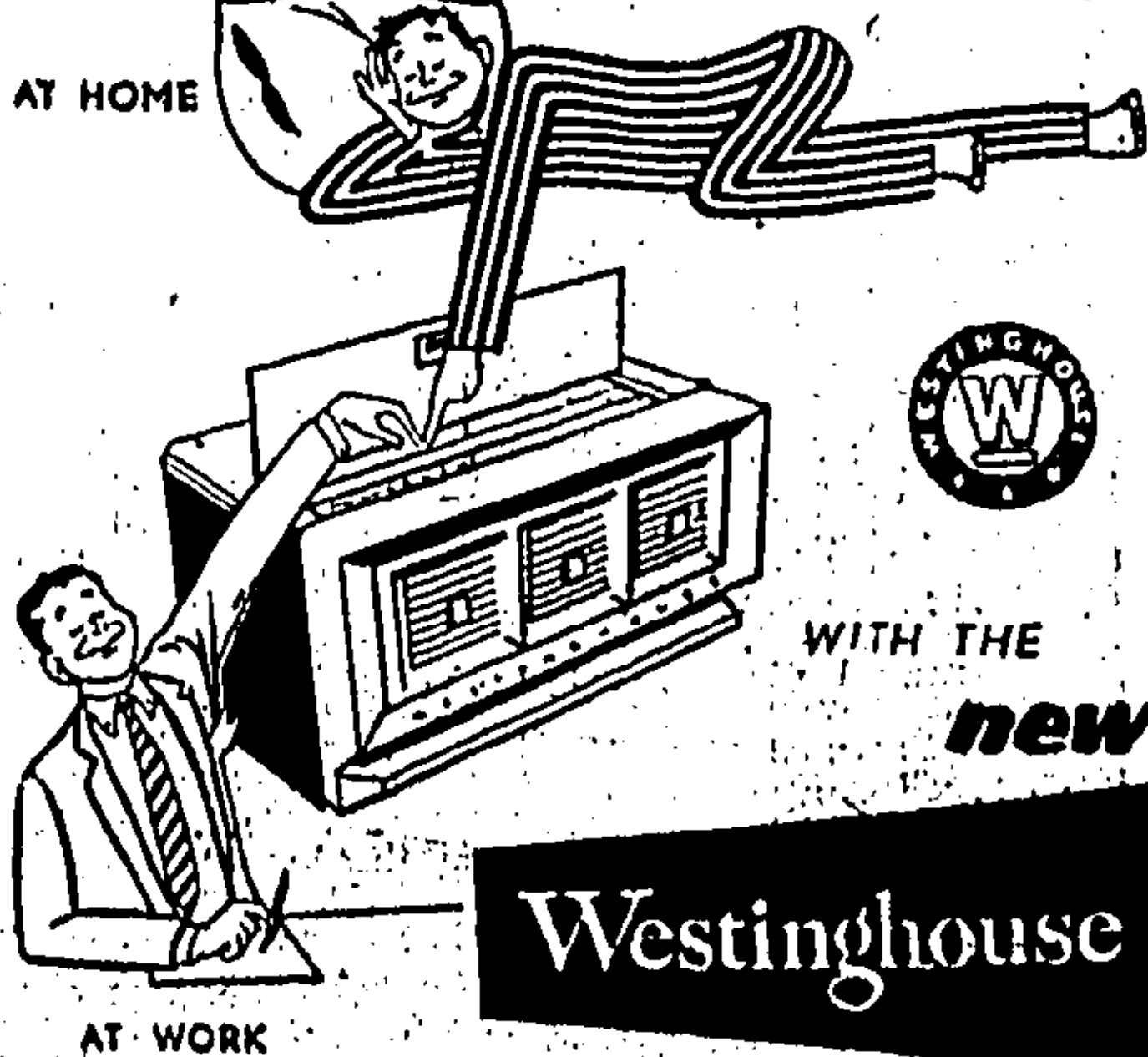


A visitor enjoying a ride at the night display held on Murray Parade Ground in connection with Scout Week. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Twenty-year-old Ho Hay-chwee, student from Singapore, who arrived on Thursday to study in Hongkong on a four-year scholarship offered by the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce. (Staff Photographer)



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GROUP outside the Registry of Marriages on Monday after the wedding of Miss Lily Lai and Mr Rit Suvanichakul. The bridegroom came from Thailand for the wedding. (Staff Photographer)

THIS TIME IT'S THE CANTON, AND SHE HAS BROUGHT US SOME VERY NICE QUALITY MEN'S LEATHER SLIPPERS. MADE BY CHURCH'S.

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MACKINTOSH'S

MY GROUSE AGAINST NIGEL BALCHIN

By
NANCY SPAIN

THIS is the age of the business man, the age of the "trick-cyclist." So it is no wonder that our best-selling novelist is a mixture of both.

I am thinking about that 47-year-old, cricket-playing wonder, Nigel Balchin, who has a new book, *THE FALL OF THE SPARROW* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), just out. It is all about a young man called Jason Fellow.

of Natural Science, while there made friends with a small, dark man who wanted to be an actor.

He was James Mason, "I first encouraged him to keep cats," says Balchin.

By 1933 Mason was starring in a play by Balchin called "Miserable Sinners."

So brilliant

When the book opens he is on trial for false pretences, dud cheques, stealing. "All," says one of his school chums, "various illegal methods of raising the wind."

The judge, in sentencing Jason to 12 months' imprisonment, remarks that he is "the son of a distinguished soldier, was given a first-class education, served his country gallantly, and had the honour to hold his Majesty's commission."

So Mr Balchin sets out, dreading, painstakingly, to show that Jason's distinguished dad was as mad as a hatter and died in an asylum. "That his first-class education was a hollow mockery and sham. That when he was holding his Majesty's commission he was in a pen-green funk and telling lies all day long like a lady novelist."



BALCHIN: What does he think as he reads himself?

I often wonder what he thinks as he re-reads himself. For most of the Balchins are written on the same slick, rubber-stamp pattern.

So woeful

THE book ends when someone says: "So you see, it was hopeless from the start." Hopeless indeed, for Jason was condemned right from the start to become one day one of Mr Balchin's poor mixed-up kids, one of Mr Balchin's favourite psychopathic heroes. Which seems to me the most depressing fate that can befall anyone.

For some years now I have wanted to complain about Nigel Balchin.

Balchin as a novelist is an excellent psychologist and a fine reporter. He writes novels that skim over the surface of human emotions all right, but he never (as an artist should) produces any depth of emotion. Nor does he offer any solution for his characters.

Readable as a headline, Balchin's books are as slick as a city suit on a city gent.

So dissatisfied

WHAT sort of man is it who produces this sort of book? Balchin is the principal shareholder in a sparkling new company called Balchin Productions Ltd., which announces its business as acquiring and exploiting the literary and dramatic works of Nigel Balchin.

He is an industrial psychologist who is said to earn £3,000 a year as adviser to Rowntrees, the chocolate people.

On his passport he calls himself "business executive."

We know him as the author of "Mine Own Executioner," a book about a psychiatrist who couldn't cure himself. Balchin was so dissatisfied with this work that he tried to tear it up in manuscript. The paper was too tough for him. The book sold 250,000 copies.

Balchin is the son of a small tradesman. He was educated at Dauntsey's School, Wiltshire, went to Cambridge on an Exhibition

IN 1939 Balchin became a "scientific adviser" to the Army Council. He became a brigadier. He wrote such books as "Darkness Falls from the Air" and "The Small Back Room," with their brilliant use of wartime backgrounds.

He has been married twice. By his first marriage he has three daughters.

Balchin acknowledged as a man of sound common sense, says he is more worried about the "contents" of his books than their style. And he should know. "It just happens I don't often buy novels," he says, "so when there's nothing else to read I often find myself picking up an old Balchin."

I often wonder what he thinks as he re-reads himself. For most of the Balchins are written on the same slick, rubber-stamp pattern.

ONCE he made a brave attempt to break away. He wrote an experimental book called "Lord, I Was Afraid." But it was as full of popular despair as his best-sellers. It was filled with woe about the problems of humanity. And offered no solution, no comfort at all.

Mr Balchin is much given to public statement. Among other things he has said:—

● **FEAR** is the great producer of jealousy.

● **WOMEN** are intensely and more unscrupulously ambitious than men.

● **NO SANE MAN** wants to mine coal unless he cannot get a living any other way.

● **MONEY** is an incentive, but an incentive is not necessarily money.

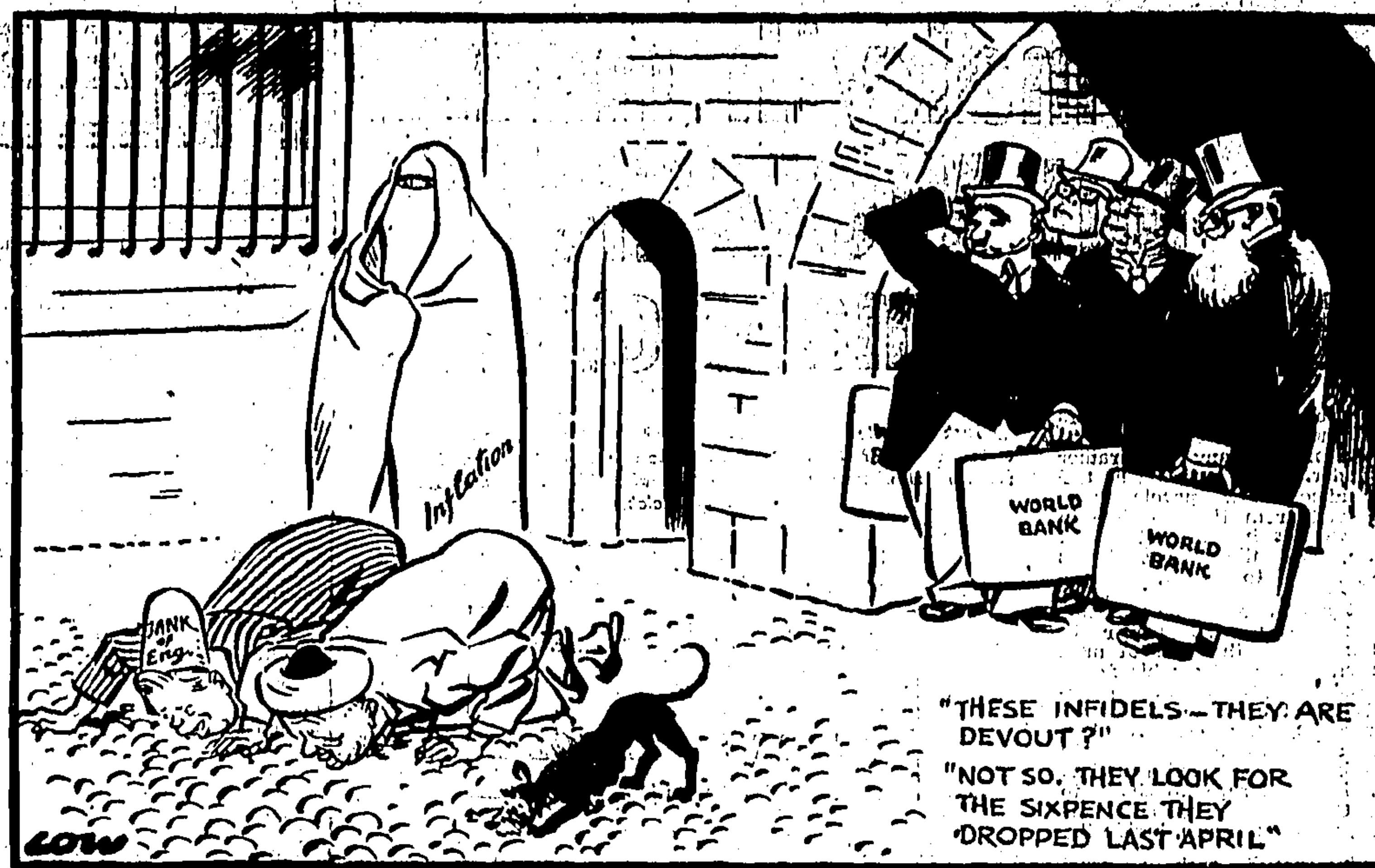
● **THE GREATEST** barrier to good and great writing today is the absence of faith and charity.

All of which, in the last analysis, have about as much profundity and originality as the statement that a cow has four legs. And that goes for the Balchin-type novel too.

So smooth

NOVEL readers have been spoon-fed on his sort of cleverness so long that we have forgotten the wonder of a great work of art.

It is better by far to be inarticulate and to have something to say than to say nothing at all as smoothly as Mr Balchin says it.



ISTANBUL NIGHTS

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FASHIONS IN COURTSHIP CHANGE

Men Are Going In For Waved Hair, Perfumes

By JACQUELINE HILL

THERE has never been a time in history when some ardent lover—male or female—hasn't been busy trying some new method of attracting a mate. Cosmetics, of course, are as old as civilisation—in fact, even older if one includes the paints used by primitive tribes to make themselves look more attractive and desirable.

But the interesting point about cosmetics and make-up is that these have not always been the prerogative of the female species. Nor have elaborate and ornate clothes, wigs and perfumes, and the paraphernalia of the boudoir always remained only in that feminine sanctum.

It is not so very many generations since bewigged, perfumed men, with large black beauty spots placed conspicuously on their faces, tottered around on high heels and waved their fans in the direction of beautiful women, whose powdered faces matched their own.

The clothes of these men were so elegant that it would have taken many an eighteenth century Dior or Schiaparelli to meet their changing tastes and fancies.

≡TRENDS

Ridiculous, and it couldn't happen today! Perhaps not. But there are certain trends in evidence that make one wonder. Men's clothes are gradually becoming brighter and more colourful and they are again getting a sense of fashion. They are also taking more care of their hair—style these days, and permanent waves and sets—not to speak of manicures—are becoming increasingly common in both the United States and Britain. In France, as well as the United States, perfumes for men are getting popular. It makes one wonder where all this will stop.

In ancient Greece women were sold as slaves, and because of this men did not waste their time chasing them and therefore making themselves look handsome for this purpose.

It can be said, in fact, that men did not particularly care what their wives looked like. Their only function in life was to bear children. Courtship was therefore at a low ebb.

However, as a matter of form, men were expected to carry off their brides with violence. Once this was done, the bride was taken in hand by a bridesmaid (dressed in male clothes) and left in a dark room, where her newlywed husband

band paid her short visits before going back to his men friends.

The women of ancient Rome had more freedom and went to great pains to attract their men. There were many "beauticians" and books on the art of love. Women were warned against having "stubby legs" or too much make-up. Big-bosomed women were advised to wear corsets.

≡DEVICE

E.S. Turner, in his book, "A History of Courtship," reports a device used by Roman matrons to send messages to their lovers. They would write in milk (which was invisible) on the bare backs of their maids. The lover would then rub the invisible writing with coal to make the letters visible.

The Roman poet, Ovid, says that this did not remain popular long with many matrons as the lovers would become more interested in the maid's backs than in the messages!

The Middle Ages exhibited some weird manifestations of courtship. It was not uncommon for a man to offer his life for the favours of his prospective mistress. Courtship has never reached greater heights of sacrifice and, should we add, stupidity. Many offered to kill themselves in front of their mistresses after they had received their favours.

One man dressed himself up in a wolf skin so that he could be hunted down by dogs in the sight of his mistress. His name was Pierre de Vidal. His mistress's husband showed more compassion than she did, for while she laughed he sent for a doctor.

≡TOKENS

It was during this period that some lovers expressed the extent of their passion by dismembering themselves. Many beautiful women used to receive ghastly tokens of love in the shape of severed ears and fingers. E.S. Turner even reports one elderly knight who dressed himself as a beggar and mingled with lepers at the gate of his mistress's castle.

It is amusing to recall the stir caused by the introduction to the Western world of the sofa from the Middle East. This seductive piece of furniture almost immediately earned the condemnation of moralists. The reason for this was because

it enabled women to "show feet and ankles while languishing."

In New England, a Reverend Samuel Peters said that young couples had for more than 150 years "bundled in bed with ten times more chastity than sitting on a sofa." "Bundling" is defined as courting in bed, partly clothed.

The history of devices to attract has swung from revealing to concealing almost every part of the body with the exception of hands and face. Victorian England concealed, and many men agree that here is an attraction about concealment that is almost as tantalising as the too frank revelation of female charms.

The pendulum has now swung towards the revelatory side again. This revolution was caused mainly by

the cinema and the invention of the front seat of the motor-car. The cinema showed people kissing in public on the screen, and front car seats brought courting right up to date.

Courting today has lost many of its finer points. In fact it is, regrettably, little more than a mutual mauling match. Poetry is, of course, out of date, and no girl really expects to have sonnets written to her charms.

≡NUANCES

Wit and conversation have gone overboard, which is a great pity. Perhaps the cinema, the radio and television are to blame, or is it that modern couples have lost most of the finer nuances of courtship?

On the other hand, many experts are critical of the attitudes of the older generation, who will not allow young couples courting facilities, and so drive them into parks and alleyways where they are disturbed by the police and other busybodies. Privacy should be the heritage of civilisation. It is interference, that is at the base of most trouble. Lovers should be given a fair chance.



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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

"But, Excellency, I've been madly pro-Enos ever since he gave that lovely party in his yacht at Monte Carlo!"

So manners makyth man... but WOMEN makyth manners...

GOOD BEHAVIOUR. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 21s. 293 pages.

SOME time before George Washington led the embattled colonial farmers against the Hessians of King George III, he composed an instructional manual called *The Rules of Civility*. In this he gave young men sound advice on these lines:

"Kill no vermin as Fleas, etc., in the Sight of Others nor Gnaw your nails."

"Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth, Napkin, Knife or Fork."

Nicolson does not follow Washington's example. He does

not presume to tell his readers how they should conduct themselves in company but rather considers, with detachment and prejudice, how people have behaved from time to time in the world's history and what have been the various ideals they sought to imitate.

At a tender age he was impressed by the power of etiquette in the lives of men. Taken as a child by his father to see the Ottoman Sultan Abdul Hamid drive to worship at a mosque, the child Nicolson was shocked to see elderly members of the Turkish Cabinet clinging to straps attached to the Sultan's carriage and running, in full uniform, beside it.

Why should such a cruel ordeal be inflicted on leading statesmen? The only answer was that custom demanded it—as it demanded that the King and Queen of Spain should on state occasions, assume a glazed, unseeing expression and appear to be unaware of the presence of the assembled diplomats and courtiers.

What are manners? They are something existing in the gap between cleanliness and godliness. They are a serviceable substitute for morals. They are one of the arts of display. For this reason they are most elaborate where women play a dominant part in society.

Nicolson's survey of human behaviour begins at Athens, where the whole question was vastly simplified by the fact that respectable women lived more or less in purdah (and had the reputation of being heavy drinkers, like the ladies of the court of Versailles).

The use of knife and fork has always been a question dividing one culture from another. Thus the Americans use these instruments in succession; the British, simultaneously.

Louis XIV. found Mme. de Thiang's habit of incessantly using her fork so insupportable that he told his valet to put hails in her plate. It is a warning to us against excesses of refinement such as a certain snickering carriage of the little finger in taking tea.

• Tuck the table napkin under the collar? Use the knife, then the fork, or both together? Feed the dog under the table? It all depends on who you are and where you are—but always when women dominate society manners are more elaborate.



by
**GEORGE MALCOLM
THOMSON**

There is a kind of good manners which, being a silent reproach to others, becomes bad manners.

In Athens the question could not arise. There was neither knife nor fork. One leaned gracefully on the left elbow and used the fingers of the right hand, later wiping them on a piece of bread which was thrown to the dogs.

We do not (save facetiously) address a man as "brother" or his wife as "sister," thus avoiding an error which says Nicolson, made the Early Christians unpopular with the masses.

With the Middle Ages, chivalry came in and washing went out. Soap was reserved for under linen. An attractive mutton-bone could be carried off from the dining table to be gnawed in the privacy of the bed chamber.

The Reverend Edward J. Hardy, a Victorian writer on manners, points out: "Men cannot be chivalrous and self-denying if women do not give them opportunities." In the Middle Ages, there were plenty of opportunities.

Women were expected to walk with short, mincing steps

to demonstrate their weakness and need of protection. On meeting them, men did not raise the hat in greeting (a sign of provincial upbringing) but merely pushed the hat slightly above the brow.

Public scratching; the misuse of the tablecloth, the exploration of the mouth with the knife—all these practices were condemned, then as now.

About finger-bowls there have always been differences of opinion; at Versailles in the time of Louis XIV. courtesy or witty conversation was interrupted at the end of a meal by a universal outbreak of gargling, a habit still prevailing in conservative circles in France.

Erasmus thought it the height of bad manners for a guest to feed the dogs with scraps from the host's table. He advised the utmost discretion in undressing lest spectators be offended.

In the eighteenth century, the French aristocracy made etiquette a cult; their English opposites took up sport. The French Revolution showed which was the better way to popularity.

As for the future, the pattern of manners for the English-speaking world will be set by the Americans. That is the conclusion reached, rather dolefully, by Nicolson at the end of his rambling and jackadassical book. His only hope is that it will be set by the kind of Americans he likes.

PARADE

CHOICE SERVICE

If the man behind the bar in Britain's pubs does not like the look of you, he can refuse you a drink. And that's final. This was made clear in a statement by the brewing trade.

The man behind the bar need not even give you a glass of water, added the brewers. "He can withhold hospitality of every kind from anyone who sover on no better grounds than he dislikes his face, his necktie or the movement of his Adam's-apple as he drinks."

But at least they recognised that it would be bad for business if the barman were too prejudiced against a thirsty drinker. Adam's-apple as he downed his first half-pint.

The barman would be "unwise to refuse customers without good cause," they warned.

REGIMENTAL RELIC

A biscuit preserved from the 1914-18 war is one of the "treasures" of the Bucks Regiment Old Comrades' Association. The biscuit was the last one left of those issued to them before they left Chelmsford for France in 1915.

It has been given to the Association by one of the families on whom the men were billeted. It had been carefully preserved for 40 years.

SCHOOL TIE

Is it a waste of money now to send a son to a select expensive public school—the sort of school which in the past moulded the young fellows who went out to build the Empire? Or is the £300-£400 a year (for four or five years) still worth spent?

Tory Brigadier Martin Redmayne, Government Whip and MP for Rushell, Notts, told a meeting of Conservative women at Nottingham that he did not think much of public schools.

More and more of Britain's leading men were coming from State schools, he said.

He added that he had been most unimpressed by the loud-voiced assurance of many young men from the public schools who had come to his notice in the last few years. But he had been most impressed by the quiet assurance of other young men who had come from State grammar schools.

As for the establishments themselves: "The standard of education in a good State grammar school is no lower than

that at a public school. The equipment in State schools is usually very much better."

Finally, the Tory Brigadier doubted that the public schools would be able to remain competitive with State schools without financial aid from the Government. That would mean more boys from the poorer classes could enter public schools.

His own education? He was at Radley, one of Britain's leading public schools.

MARILYN A memo circulating around the Pentagon last week began with a question: "What is the advantage of having a Marilyn Monroe shape?" The answer was—plenty.

And all of the answers was the kind of stuff you can print in a clean family newspaper, too.

It just happens that the U.S. Aeronautics Advisory Committee has discovered that jet fighters, with a pinched-in waist, and bulges on either side, go faster than fighters with any other shape. Sometimes they go as much as 25 percent faster.

And the Pentagon, alert as ever to the publicity angle, has decided to call the shape "Marilyn Monroe."

MOVING CHURCH

An ancient Brussels church is to be moved—ten pages backwards. The church is the Church of the Madeleine, which was originally to have disappeared to make way for modernisation and road widening for the Brussels World Fair of 1958. Now, however, the City Council has relented on condition that the Church is speedily moved out of the way.

To do this experts will supervise the cutting of a giant trench above foundation level. The entire church will then be mounted on steel rollers and rolled gently backwards six inches a day.

HELP NOT WANTED

Joseph Lohman, sheriff of Chicago's Cook County, 19 an ex-professor of Sociology—and a man who has firm views on prison reform and civil liberty. But last week, he figured things were going just a bit too far.

He appealed for books for the county jail library. The first one he got in was called "You Can Escape."

Thoughtfully, he took it out.

Filmo

TIPS! EDITING & TITLING

To help you make your best films better through careful editing, give you below a collection of helpful hints on what to do with your films and how to do it.

EDITING IS FUN... and so easy! It's merely a matter of organizing the pictures you have taken. It's a continuity to scenes that seem unrelated, correcting any errors you may have made. When you have edited your film—combined all the small reels that come back after processing, running the bits that aren't quite so perfect, you will be another step on the way to earning a reputation among your friends as a "professional" photographer. An editing job well done can make even the best film better.

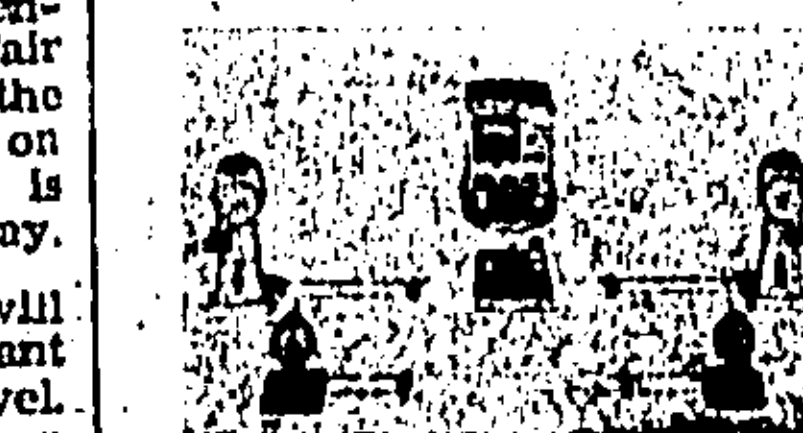
Try it today!

HOW TO DO A BETTER EDITING JOB

The basic idea is to splice your sets of related scenes together to form sequences, and sequences together to make a picture. Number some sheets of paper consecutively. Viewing your film with a view to editing, cut up each scene with a sharp knife on one of the numbered sheets. Cut each scene into sections of a clean egg carton with soft material such as lens cleaning tissue and number each section of the film in its corresponding numbered section. Then arrange the descriptive slips in logical order, corresponding to the scenes. Joining scenes together, try to arrange them by colour value, too, wherever possible. Let continuity decide whether or not you can switch the shots around for a better colour match.

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TIME YOUR SCENES PROPERLY

Timing in a film is very important. If the scenes are too short, cut them out entirely! But the scenes that are too long down to a length that holds audience interest. While projecting, make notes of the spots where improvement could be made in arrangement, timing and colour matching. Then go back and cut or rearrange. It seems a lot of work, but it's a lot of fun. For instance, a series of shots of visitors might be joined together by way of a guest book. You can easily take the necessary extra shots a hand opening the guest book, one signing a name, etc. Let the shot of each visitor follow the scene of a hand opening the book, signing the book. Combine family shots into a sort of newspaper—of pictures and newspaper headlines serve as titles. Handle film only by the edges, never by flat surface. Permanent marks may permanently mar the film.

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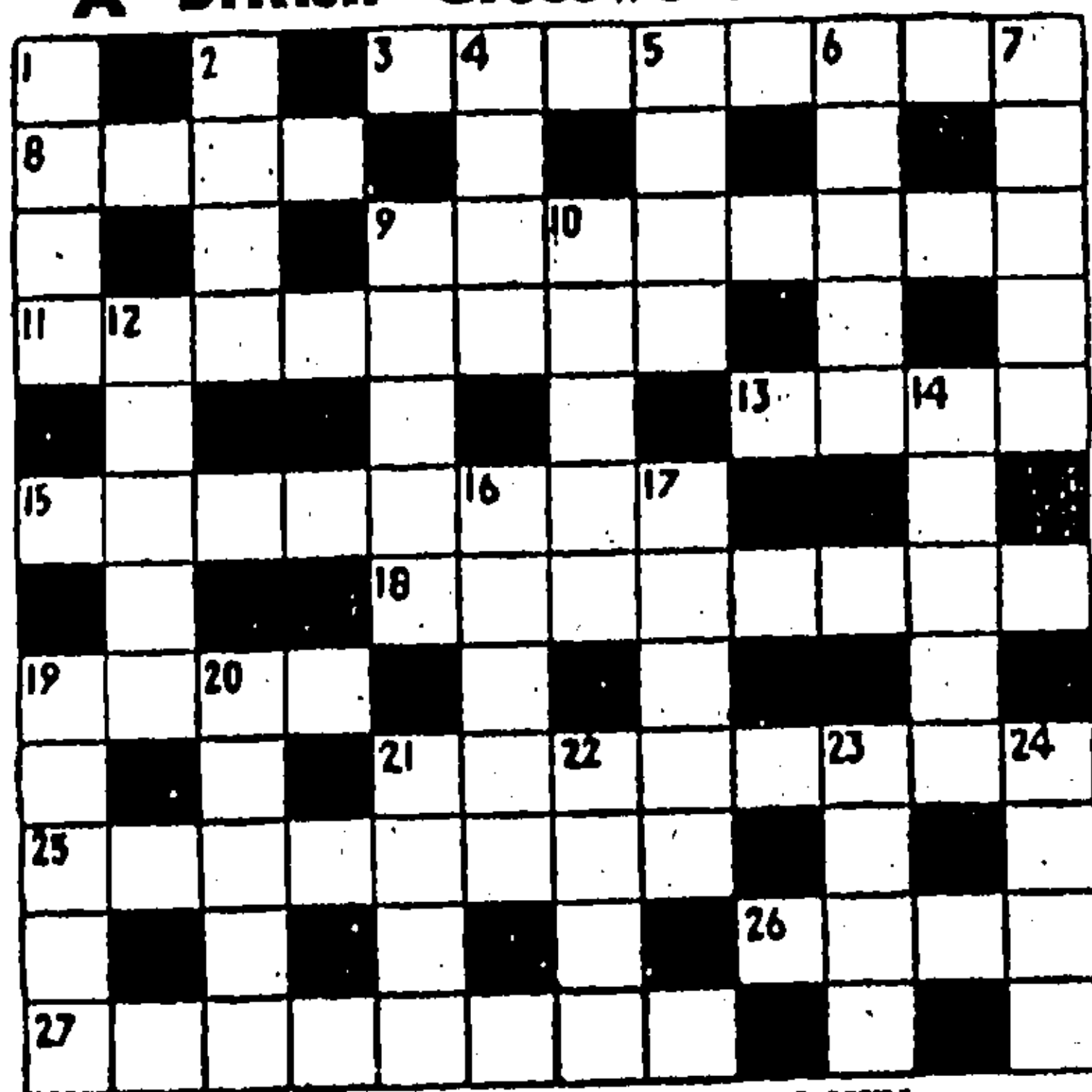
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A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS
3 Exchanging (colloq.) (8).
8 Leave out (4).
9 Determined (8).
11 Sword (8).
13 Plant-to-be (4).
15 Attacked (8).
18 Abandoned (8).
19 Repose (4).
21 Not excessive (8).
25 Shuts up (8).
26 Escape (4).
27 Inmate (8).

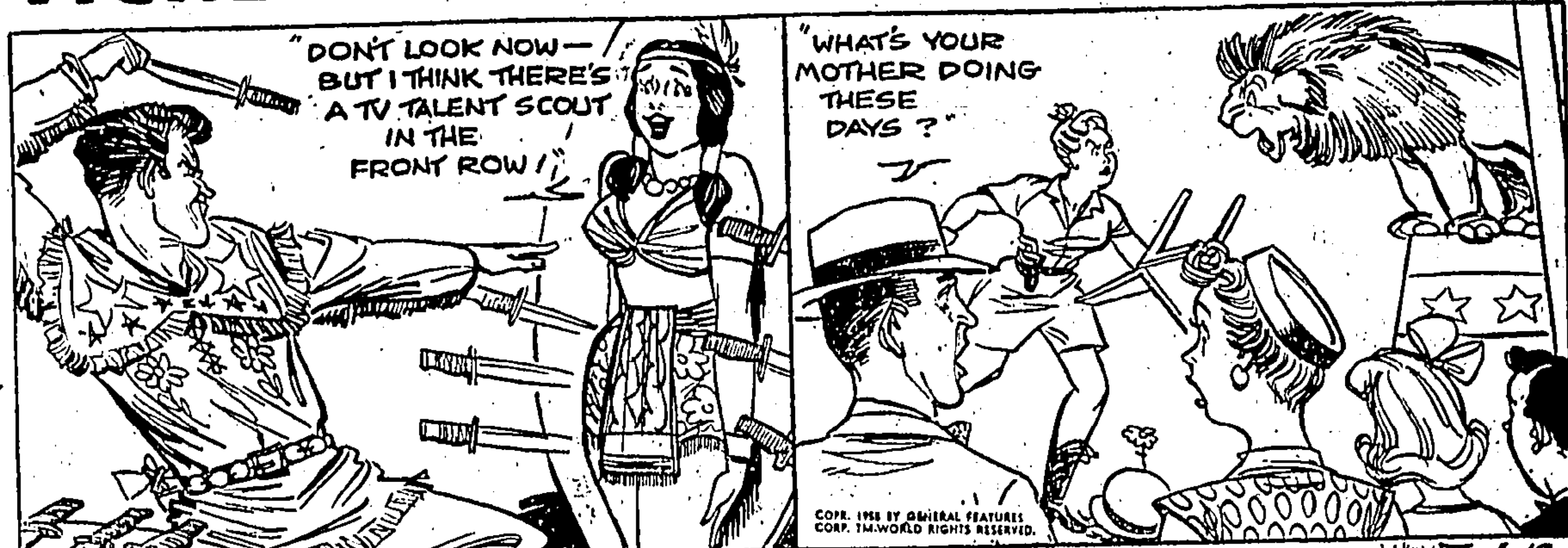
DOWN
1 Superintendent (4).
2 Wingless bird (4).
4 Shurpen (4).
5 Improvised (4).
6 Hardon (5).
7 Avarice (5).
9 Stiff (5).
10 Strong-boxes (5).
12 Social distinction (5).
14 Happening (5).
16 Fruit (5).
17 Valleys (5).
19 Be repeated (5).
20 Chants (5).
21 Gentle (4).
22 Cleric (4).
23 Clever (4).
24 Pitcher (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Remise, 2 Perch, 7 Meditate, 8 Cross, 9 Target, 11 Lessons, 17 Chances, 19 Factor, 20 China, 21 Spouting, 22 Endure, 23 Endure. Down: 1 Remit, 2 Icing, 3 Startle, 4 Fleet, 5 Redolent, 6 Holms, 10 Realises, 12 Espouse, 13 Cackle, 14 Censored, 16 Sated, 17 Rogue.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

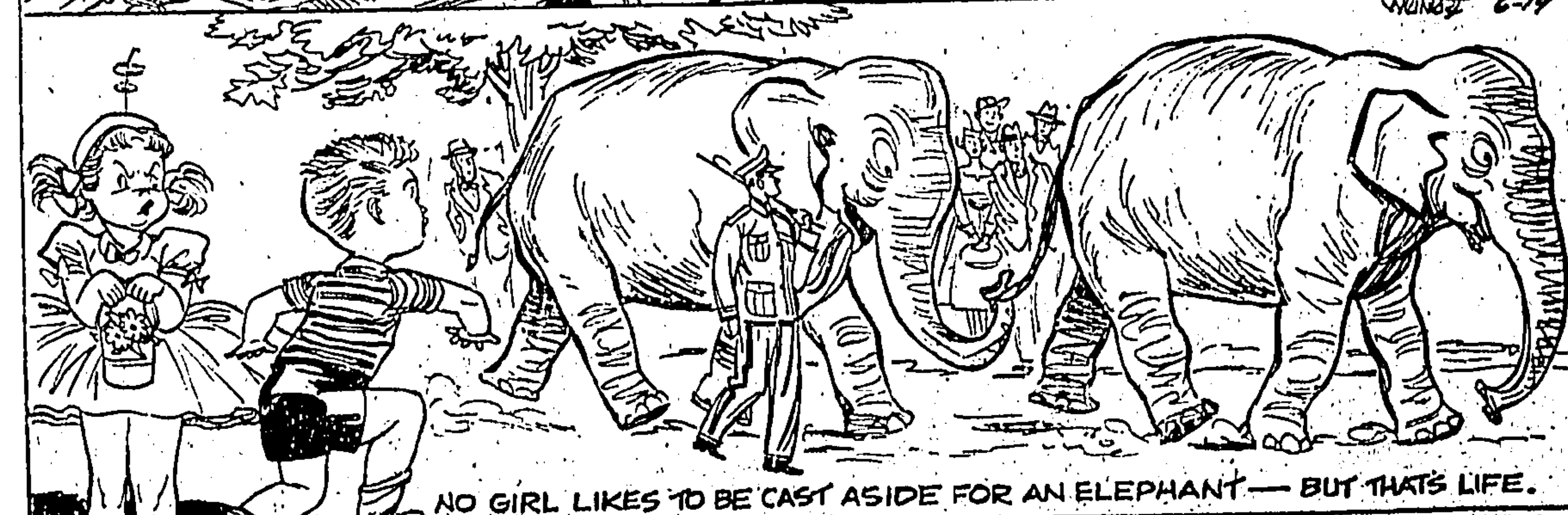
On Circus Day

BY HARRY WEINERT



"DON'T LOOK NOW—
BUT I THINK THERE'S
A TV TALENT SCOUT
IN THE
FRONT ROW!"

"WHAT'S YOUR
MOTHER DOING
THESE
DAYS?"

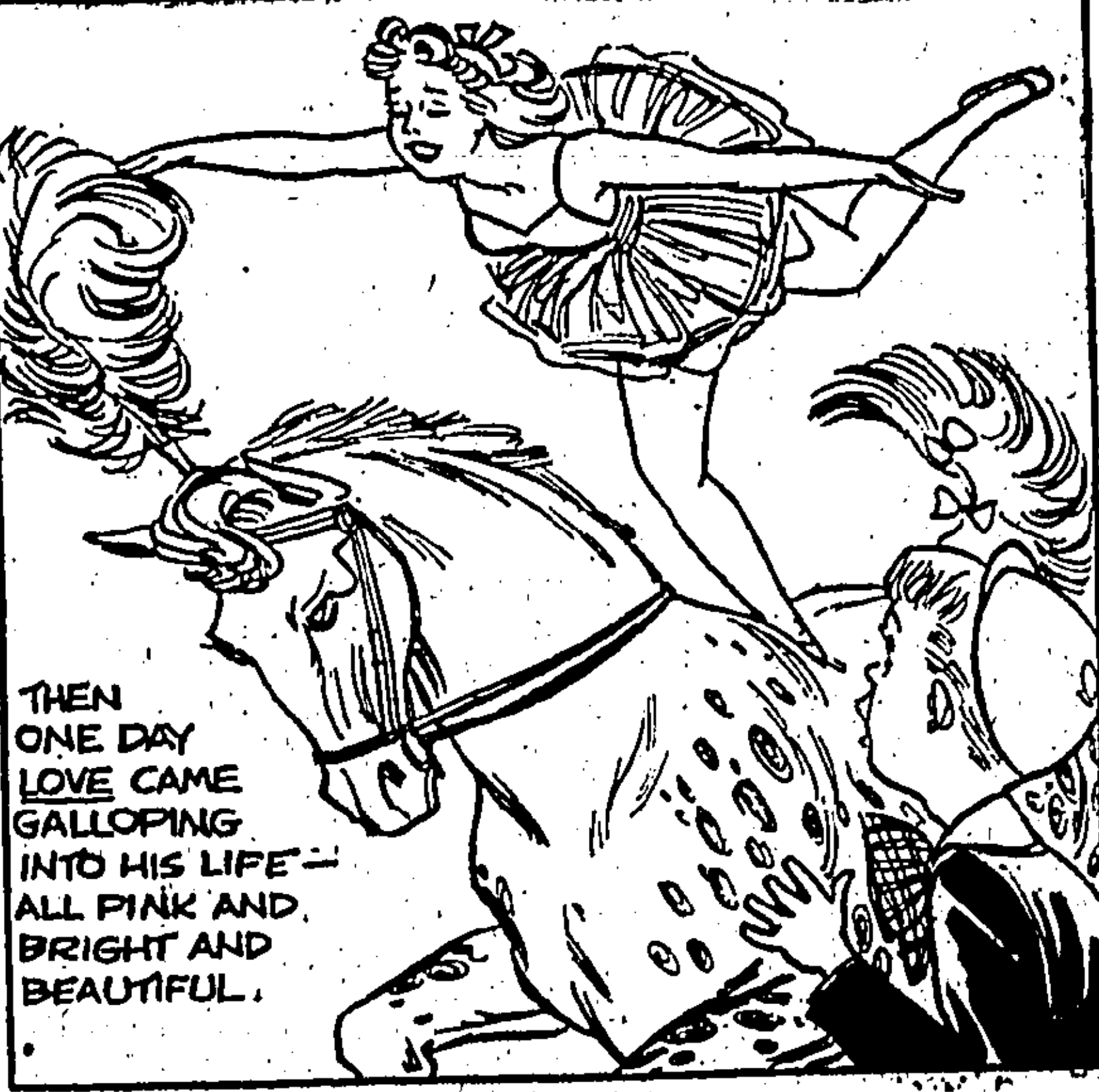


NO GIRL LIKES TO BE CAST ASIDE FOR AN ELEPHANT—BUT THAT'S LIFE.



"BELIEVE ME—
IN THIS BUSINESS
YOU SURE SEE
THE CHARACTERS!"

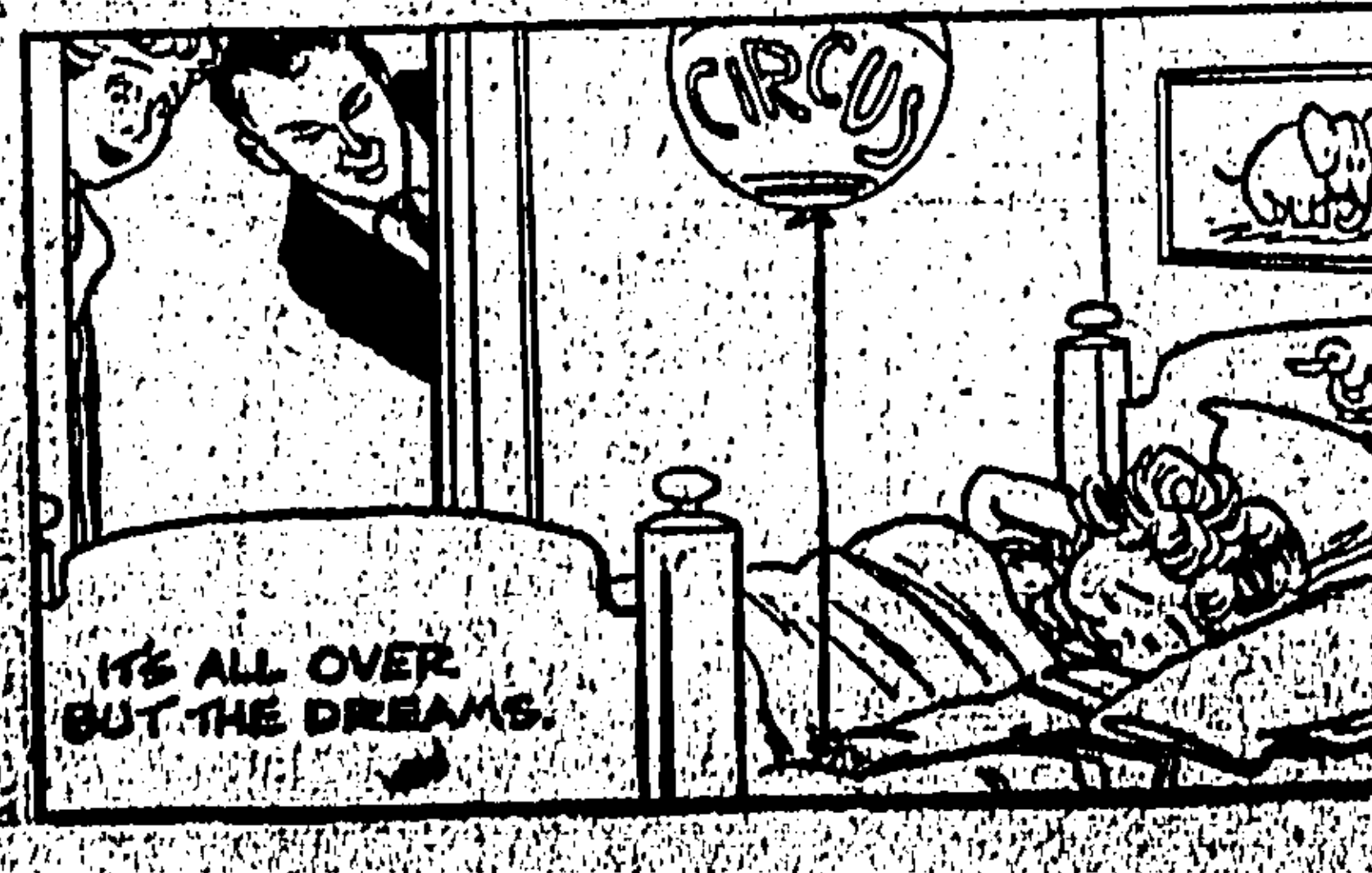
"OH DEAR!
I FORGOT
TO FEED
MY
GUPPIES!"



THEN
ONE DAY
CAME
GALLOPING
INTO HIS LIFE—
ALL PINK AND
BRIGHT AND
BEAUTIFUL.



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Monday

Wednesday


Friday

Thursday

12.30 P.M. PROGRAMME SUMMARY
12.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.
1.00 TIME SIGNAL.
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT
AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCE-
MENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

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WONDERFUL TOWN — Field, Bernstein & Comden
with Rosalind Russell.

with Ethel Merman, Ray Middleton, Robert La
Kathleen Carnes.

with Christine Johnson, Jean Darling, Eric Matu
Murvyn Vye, Jan Clayton.

MOUTRIE

11-11-68

Sports Diary

TODAY

Soccer

1st Division: Police v Eastern (12.30); KMB v RAF (Club) at 3.30 p.m.

2nd Division: Police v Eastern (12.30); KMB v RAF (Club) at 3.30 p.m.

3rd Division: KMB v Little Salt (12.30); Police v Eastern (12.30); KMB v RAF (Club) at 3.30 p.m.

4th Division: B & S v RIL (Happy Valley) 5.30 p.m.

Cricket

Friendly: 1st Division: KCC v Army North (KCC) 2nd Division: Army North v KCC (DS).

Bowls

Gutierrez Shield: Malaya "A" v Australia "A" (HKFC); England "A" v Scotland "A" (HKFC); Hongkong v Wales (HKFC); India v Ireland (HKFC); China "B" (HKFC); Portugal "B" v Hongkong (HKFC); Scotland "B" v England "B" (HKFC); Australia "B" v Malaya "B" (KCC); all matches at 3.30 p.m.

TOMORROW

1st Division: Kitchener v Army (Club); CAA v St Joseph's (BS); South China v Navy (CH). All matches at 5.30 p.m.

2nd Division: Kitchener v Army (Club); CAA v St Joseph's (BS); South China v Navy (CH). All matches at 4 p.m.

3rd Division: Gymnastic v CMB (H. Valley) at 4 p.m.

4th Division: Caroline Hill v Dowdell; S & S Tamar v H.C. Air-Force; Redington v Kin. Godwin; University v Watson's; Road Works v L. Crawford. All matches at Happy Valley at 5.30 p.m.

Bowls

Open Pairs Final: at Talkoo Club, 4 p.m.

Open Rinks Final: at Bowling Green at 4 p.m.

Golf

Shek-O Golf Championships Competition.

Softball

Official Opening, Softball League: St Joseph's v South China.

Shooting

Combined Spoon and Practice Shoot, Stonecutters.

Open Pairs And Open Rinks Finals Tomorrow

By "TOUCHER"

Having successfully completed the 1955 League, the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association takes a step nearer to concluding one of the most successful seasons it has ever had when it stages the remaining two finals of the Colony Open Championships at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club tomorrow.

Both finals — the Open Pairs and the Open Rinks — promise to be very keenly contested and should produce plenty of thrills and excitement before the final decision is reached.

No fewer than 10 out of the 12 participants will be making their first appearances in a final of the Open Pairs or Rinks event, and in the Open Rinks at least a set of new champions will be crowned.

Of special interest is the appearance of the two Rossetti brothers in the Rinks final. Will they be able to emulate the fine achievements of their father, the late Charlie Rossetti, whose skippered the champion four in 1937 and 1940?

Should, however, victory go to their opponents, it will carry a special meaning, to at least one bowler, Leo Silva. There have been Second Division bowlers who have been included in past champion rinks, but it will be the first time in the history of local lawn bowls that a novice who took up the game as recently as this year will be recorded the champion's honour.

On paper, A. V. Lopes, R. G. Laurel, E. R. Rossetti and C. R. Rossetti, who all played in the First Division of the League this season, seem to be the most likely contenders, but all those veteran bowlers who have seen "dark horses" L. Silva, G. Santos, R. Tay and P. K. Lau in action during their previous matches are of the opinion that they are capable of producing steeper and more consistent bowls than their opponents.

They have scored victories over more formidable rinks, and unless they slump down badly in form tomorrow, they should have a slight edge over their opponents.

OPEN PAIRS FINAL

The Pairs final will see the 1951 champion combination of the Luz brothers pitted against A. H. Scemin and C. C. Ma. Experience will be in favour of the Luz brothers, but in execution of shots the Scemin-Ma combination is probably slightly superior.

Much will depend on the performance of Joe Luz who has so far not been playing anywhere near his best. Roush Luz can be easily put off his game if his lead is being constantly out-bowled, but given average support he could on his present form see his side through.

Ma has gone off form slightly since losing his Singles semifinal and Triples final, but is a bowler capable of reaching untold heights in an important game. This has to be "it" for him or else the odds are slightly in favour of the Luz brothers.

GUTIERREZ SHIELD

The second Gutierrez Shield international games this afternoon also promise some very interesting matches.

Top favourites Portugal "B", who gave Persia a 32-10 chellacking last week, meet with stronger opposition this afternoon in Hongkong "B". G. da Luz, G. J. Stoleton, J. Chubb, T. E. Baker, but I don't think they can be stopped.

Another top-rated team is Malaya "A" who will have Israel, A. S. Yusuf, A. H. Scemin and M. B. Hassan in their line-up. Against Australia "A", they are conceded a slight edge but only just, and with Eric Liddell, R. Lapsley, G. Hong Choy, and C. B. Rounsell representing, Australia I won't be surprised if the Australians make it.

At Recreation there will be another evenly matched game between England "A" and Scotland "A". Much, I think, will depend on the two skips in this game, with Alec Harvey probably having that little extra bit against Bradbury.

Hongkong's powerful four of G. Santos, F. O. Madar, A. E. Coates and F. R. Kermani should experience little difficulty in having the upset victory over China "A" last week. Bruce and Rosen played a fine game last Saturday, but I don't think they will be able to stand up to the heavy odds against them this afternoon.

China "B", with F. Lee, J. Tang, C. C. Ma and Hong Sing, gave a more impressive performance last week than their opponents, J. Ackbar, A. K. Omar, S. Bucks and K. M. Omar, and are just cap-

able, I think, of roughing it out this afternoon.

At IRC the odds will be about even between Scotland "B" and England "B". The Scottish four look likely winners.

In the last match of the afternoon at KCC, Malaya "B" represented by M. Y. Adel, A. Baehoo, A. R. Abbas, and A. R. Kitchell, look a shade superior to Australia "B" who will have G. F. Leslie, N. S. Fahy, A. D. Duffy, and L. F. Cosgrove doing service for them.

TODAY'S GAMES

Gutierrez Shield, Second Round

Malaya v Australia "A" at HKFC.

England "A" v Scotland "A" at Recreation.

Hongkong v Wales at Talkoo.

India v Ireland at CCC.

Pakistan v China "B" at KBCG.

Portugal "B" v Hongkong "B" at KCC.

Scotland "B" v England "B" at IRC.

Australia "B" v Malaya "B" at KCC.

Valley Trophy

PRC v CCC at PRC.

TOMORROW

At KBCG, starting at 4 p.m.

Colony Open Pairs Final: J. da Luz and R. F. de Luz (Recreo) v A. H. Scemin and C. C. Ma (CCC).

Colony Open Rinks Final: A. V. Lopes, R. G. Laurel, E. R. Rossetti, and C. R. Rossetti (CCC) v L. Silva, G. Santos, R. Tay and P. K. Lau (CCC).

SPORTS



"Large wooden spade, Benson" London Express Service.

SPORTS QUIZ

- How many matches did South Africa's cricketers lose on their tour of England last summer?
- Which has been timed at the greater speed (a) a cricket ball (b) a pedal bicycle (c) a tennis ball?
- How many events did Russia's male athletes win on the track and field in the 1952 Olympics (a) four (b) none (c) fourteen?
- Who is the World Bantam-weight Boxing Champion?
- Which sports do you associate with the following (a) Walter Lindrum (b) Fred Archer (c) George Hirst?
- Nationalities please of the following sportsmen (a) J.T. Bonquet (b) Pancho Segura (c) Earl Wells.
- Names of famous personalities: (a) MSA DEANS (b) NHO SILDEY (c) BLIL EDNTIL (d) FEORG KDEU?
- How long is a lawn tennis court (a) 78ft. (b) 90ft. (c) 120ft.?
- In which sport may goals not be scored from inside the goal area?
- In Britain which sport is governed by rules laid down by one peer and has awards donated by another?

(Answers See Page 17)

Big Soccer Kick-Off Today Is Something Of An Anti-Climax

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

Today should be a great occasion in the life of all who watch or play football in the Colony, but this year, due mainly to the hangover from the Summer League, the big kick-off is something of an anti-climax.

Nevertheless, there is no lack of interest in what is going on for the soccer appetite has been stimulated by the stories of all that has been happening in the domestic affairs of the top Chinese clubs.

The daily chronicle of the comings and goings of players between clubs has served to keep the fans, and in some cases even the clubs, in doubt as to what the various line-ups will be when the teams trot out this week-end.

Current preparations for the new season have been conducted against an important and far-reaching background of planning and the topic about the 1956 Olympic Games and it is on this subject that I wish to dwell for a bit.

OLYMPIC RULES

Some months ago, after a most careful examination of the Olympic rules governing the eligibility of individuals to represent any particular country, I wrote an article that has since been quoted many times and in many different places.

The gist of my writing was that representing one country in a minor or regional competition did not automatically disqualify a player from representing another country in the Olympics if he was only qualified to do so under the established rules of eligibility.

When I was first satisfied that this was so I realized, as well as anyone, that while it would be possible for Hongkong footballers who had previously represented another country in the Asian Games to go to Melbourne in the Colony's colours, it could also act in reverse for those players who had played for Hongkong at Manila.

The implication that I wrote the article with only a Hongkong advantage in mind, and that I had thus blindly furnished others with just the sort of lever they required, is quite wrong. I gave a lot of study to the rules and I realized only too well that what was good for one set of competitors was also true for all others. Who would want it otherwise?

Now I would like to suggest to those good folks who are considering the possibility of sending Hongkong players to Melbourne to represent Nationalist China, that it would be well if they gave the Olympic Games eligibility rules a most searching examination before they build too many plans.

I believe that they may find themselves faced with a big snag. The rules as far as the Olympic Games are concerned are administered with a jealous regard for the highest principles and in the age-old spirit of genuine eligibility for this international competition.

These rules are based mainly on a geographical appreciation of countries and are qualified only by a clause which gives a competitor who lacks a residential qualification, or who elects to invoke his ancient right to represent the country of his parents, to do so.

It is this latter part that has encouraged some of our local sportsmen towards the opinion that there is an eligibility created for many of our star footballers to represent Nationalist China, but I would say that there are those who, having examined the "legal" aspect of the rules, do not subscribe to such a view.

ELIGIBILITY

I am not suggesting that these views are beyond argument but I do know they are based on the belief that the appropriate committee of the Games would examine the eligibility of the players very carefully indeed.

The fact that Communist China is free to compete at Melbourne is the crux of the whole affair and serves to emphasize the impartiality of the Olympic committee in disregarding every aspect of politics when assessing a situation.

The opinion which I have now heard expressed by gentlemen who have no axe to grind, and who have examined the "evidence" of the present case with completely open minds, is that the eligibility would be decided, on the basis of two vital questions.

The first, and obvious one is "Has this competitor resided in Nationalist China TERRITORY for the five years preceding the Games?"

If the answer is in the negative then the next one would be "Where was his father born?" The reply to this second question is the one that may cause all the difficulty for if the answer is "On the mainland of China", the Olympic reaction would be interesting... and in view of China's double representation it could be as far-reaching as it is intriguing... particularly as the Olympic code does not include personal or family loyalties—however sincere and laudable—as a basis of eligibility.

I am no politician and I have no wish to dabble in politics. I consider that they should be kept as far as possible from the field of sport. This is not a provocative or an absurd article. It is one based solely on the calculated reasoning of a group of men who have examined all the aspects of an argument that might have to be settled eventually.

SOCCER POTENTIAL

And now from Mount Olympus to more mundane affairs and in particular to the prospects for the new season.

To me the most important single indication so far is that in spite of many predictions there is no apparent falling off in the strength of South China.

A long tour with an unhappy ending, a heavy backlog of Summer League fixtures, and highly coloured stories of player movements have not dimmed the soccer potential of this all-conquering team.

It may be that a little later in the season they will begin to feel the strain, but as far as the opposition is concerned that will be very much a case of wishful thinking.

KMB, Champions a year ago, are the problem side. Failure to land Chan Fai-hung is a serious blow to their team building plans.

It may yet be proved that their decision to give young players a chance will be the right one but for the moment they must remain a team of many stars and some positional weaknesses.

Kitchener have shed some of their glamour boys but this may well prove to be a blessing in disguise as the players who have taken to other colours were no longer youngsters. If the officials build wisely there is no reason why the team should not emulate Sing Tao and be in the forefront of the battle for honours.

Eastern are making a bid to crash into the big time once again but their retooling campaign which has gathered into the fold some of the aging veterans—big names as they may be—may not be enough to

guarantee success. Kwong Wah look to be in a similar position.

SERVICES SIDES

The three Services sides have been working hard repairing the ravages of the inevitable departures and must be something of an unknown quantity for a week or two. The Army has been fortunate in getting several experienced league players from the United Kingdom and once they have blended together the soldiers should be a match for the best.

The Royal Air Force has suddenly become a virile, active side and it is obvious already that increased official interest in the team is encouraging the players to give of their best. They have been playing together for some weeks now and there is every indication that they will make the opposition play for every goal and every point that is lost.

The Royal Navy preparation has been thorough and with the players having the benefit of prolonged coaching throughout the hot summer months from Tom Seddon they should be among the fittest sides in the League.

Over in Kowloon the Police have high hopes that this is going to be a good season for them and early practice shows that the Police St. Joseph's have been going ahead quietly with their pre-season arrangements and will again be strongly represented.

Their Macao players in spite of all that was prophesied will again be in action and the Saints will not be an easy side to beat.

Anti, so finally to the Hongkong Football Club, one of the grand old organisations of Colony football. It is difficult to forecast just how the Club fortunes will go.

The problems of team building are getting easier with the passing years but there is not the slightest doubt that the Blues and Whites will let their opponents know they have been in a game... and in traditional style they will probably bring off the biggest upsets of the season.

As the soccer curtain goes up the MacTavish Topper is doffed to the soccer public in the hope that they will see nothing but fine football... to the club officials, that they may see their ambitions satisfied... to the players, that they will hit top form and remain firm from injury and to the much maligned referees, that they may have the wisdom to decide where the law ends and justice begins....

THE PROGRAMME

Today, Sing Tao v. Club at Club; KMB v. RAF at Caroline Hill; Police v. Eastern at Boundary St. All at 5.30 p.m.

Tomorrow, Kitchener v. Army at Club; South China v. Navy at Caroline Hill; CAA v. St. Joseph's at Boundary St. All at 5.30 p.m.

Tuesday, Kwong Wah v. Kitchener at Club; St. Joseph's v. Police at Boundary St. Both games at 5.40 p.m.

Wednesday, Army v. CAA at Sookungpo; Eastern v. KMB at Caroline Hill. Both games at 5.40 p.m.

Thursday, RAF v. South China at Caroline Hill; Navy v. Sing Tao at Causeway Bay. Both games at 5.40 p.m.

SEPTEMBER IS SOCCER'S SILLY SEASON

Far Too Many Matches In Too Short A Period

By DON REVIE

It is always fatal to prophesy with Soccer, but when I was asked this week whether I thought Wolves would win the League Championship I had to say "No."

Not that I don't think they are good enough or fit enough. They most certainly are. But the records prove that the team which sets off in top gear, as Wolves have done with their tremendous spate of scoring, rarely manages to keep it up through the long winter.

If Wolves do win the Championship, I'll hold them as one of the greatest club sides of all time.

September is Soccer's silly season, with far too many matches in too short a period. That's why League managers keep their fingers crossed, hoping that their clubs make a nice steady start, and that they strike a smooth rhythm, and, above all, that their key men steer clear of injuries.

Almost invariably the teams which win the League title are lying handy until Christmas—then they come with a rush in the latter half of the season, piling up the points. By then, players are not so prone to pulled muscles, they have got into their stride, and, if they have not over-trained, they shouldn't go stale.

TOO MUCH SOCCER

The average football fan is usually scornful when the professional player complains about "too much football." Why shouldn't a fit man be able to play on the Saturday and then in another match at mid-week? The answer is that travelling hundreds of miles takes its toll. Players get tired. More important still, in no first-class sport is it possible to play at top pressure all the time.

For instance, I play a lot of tennis in summer. I can do it quite easily, because it is "friendly" tennis. But I'm quite sure the Wimbledon hope must find it terrific strain simply because he plays against first-class opposition. He cannot afford to relax, or make too many mistakes, or he will be out.

It's the same with Soccer. You could play friendly matches every day of the week and feel no great strain, but League football against top-class opponents is a tremendous ordeal. It is a pity really that we haven't found some means of levelling out the fixtures list by splitting the season into two or by some similar scheme. A team could play in this top pressure training, play the first 20 matches with ease—at sprint pace—over a few weeks in mid-season, then come back fresh for the final stages of the

competition. Only in this way could we be fairly sure that the best team would become League Champions. It often happens now that the title is won by the steady plodding sort of team—strong, usually robust, and which has managed to steer clear of injuries.

CASUALTY LIST

Have you noticed how many clubs have already lost star players with pulled muscles and strains which can be attributed to playing too many matches in the early part of the season?

Topping the list is Preston North End, who have had to play without their star match-winner, Tom Finney, in two games.

Manchester United have been without their two brilliant players, Tommy Taylor and Dennis Viollet.

Hull City have had to do without Tom Berry, Neil Franklin, Viggo Jensen and Billy Bly.

Blackpool, even though they are going well, have had their captain, Harry Johnston, out of action.

Arsenal's Bill Dickson is hurt. The list of injured men has reached fantastic proportions. All due to hard grounds, and the congested fixtures list which doesn't give a player a chance to get over his injury.

When I was at Highbury, I asked Tom Lawton how he was enjoying his Soccer this season.

"Five games in seven days isn't so bad for an old 'un," As Tommy is nearly 30, I reckon he is a "young" old 'un! I may have been lucky, but the games I have played in so far this season have been most noticeable for the excellence of the refereeing.

"Not so bad, Don," he replied.

"Five games in seven days isn't so bad for an old 'un," As Tommy is nearly 30, I reckon he is a "young" old 'un! I may have been lucky, but the games I have played in so far this season have been most noticeable for the excellence of the refereeing.

TACTICS

Players have reacted the right way. There have been few silly fouls and it is a treat to see free-kicks taken swiftly, so that there is no hold-up in the action of a game. No one likes to see a referee take up his position yards away before allowing a free-kick to be taken. Neither is it pleasant to see players adopt delaying tactics, nor standing unnecessarily in front of the ball, when a free-kick is about to be taken. I hope the trend continues.

Wiscrack of the week came from Manchester City's cheery left back, Roy Little. When we played Cardiff City our team, after a fine start, fell away. Bert Trautmann in goal made a series of wonderful saves, then eventually dribbled the ball out of the penalty area before making a lovely short pass. As Bert ran back to his goal Roy Little shouted: "Give me my blue one. We might do a lot better if you come out to score a few goals instead of stopping them!"

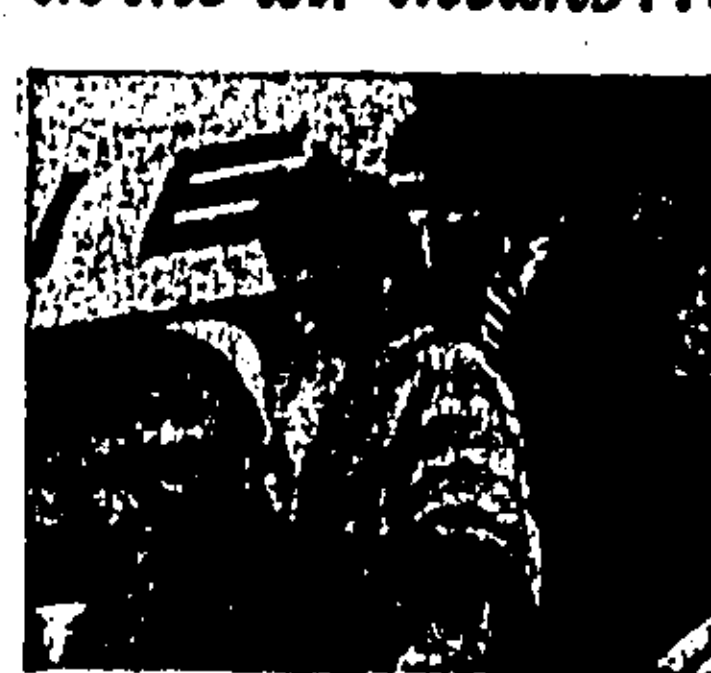
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POP



Cricket League Season Only A Week Away

The 1955/56 Cricket League season is only a week away and on the basis of performances at today's final trials and friendly matches the selection of club first elevens will to some extent depend.

There will be trials today at the Hongkong Cricket Club, Club de Recreio and Indian Recreation Club, Army South take on Craigengower at Happy Valley and Kowloon Cricket Club meet Army North at Cox's Path.

KCC, the defending Champions, are about the same side as last year with D. Coffey and P. Wood the mainstays of the batting department and an assortment of bowlers—B.C.N. Carmell, R. Bell, R. Jenner, R. E. Lee, D. Coffey and possibly two newcomers.

These are V. Fairhall, a good all-rounder, a formidable right-handed batsman who also bowls useful left arm medium pace bowlers, and F. Hull, a forceful left-handed batsman who can also be used as a change bowler.

Willie Davidson is temporarily invalided with cartilage trouble and will not be available until December.

The HKCC will depend again largely on "old hands." Missing from the Optimists will be opening bowlers T. P. Mahon, who is on leave, and K. G. Spink.

New names on the HKCC list include Pat Dodge, the former KCC opening bat and captain, who will be a great asset to either of the club sides if he is able to play regularly. There is also "N. N. Leigh-Bennett, who played for the RAF for several seasons, and W. Phinley, who kept wicket for the Singapore Cricket Club last year.

SOUTHEND PLANS TO BECOME THE BLACKPOOL OF THE SOUTH

Southend plans to become the Blackpool of the South. Not as a seaside resort—although it is very much like that now—but in the world of football. The go-ahead Directors of Southend United believe that what the Lancashire club has done on pigmy-sized Bloomfield Road ground they can emulate at the new Rootes Hall enclosure.

The potentialities of the place are terrific. It is situated in the centre of the town on the main London Road and looks capable of holding 60,000 people quite comfortably. Three sides of the ground have stands and 11,000 can be accommodated under cover. It is hoped to double that number.

The by-out of the main stand is excellent and the boilers for the modern dressing rooms and medical room are all electric. The playing pitch is well turfed although during a recent rainstorm there was flooding at one end which caused a match to be abandoned. The side is a natural amphitheatre with steeply banked mounds waiting to be terraced.

All this has been accomplished in under two years and the Board of Directors has done it. So have the Supporters' Club which has poured in thousands of pounds to the parent body. The club should prosper now that it has rid itself of the shackles of greyhound racing.

EXPERIENCE

Manager Harry Warren has looked after the playing side in a shrewd manner as becomes the son of the famous England and Sheffield United player, Ben Warren. The team is a nicely balanced mixture of youth and experience. There are such skilled performers as Kevin

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Joe Meares
By ARCHIE QUICK

Based on the age standard of the last half century, the fortunes of the Football Association are in the hands of comparatively young men. At the head stand the Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Secretary—Mr. Arthur Dwyer, Mr. Joe Meares and Sir Stanley Rous—and they have one thing in common. They are always immaculately dressed and they are outstandingly handsome.

Mr. Dwyer, a Director of Grimsby FC, is in the fish business in that town. Mr. Meares runs his late father's many business enterprises, and Sir Stanley, of course, is an expert Grammar School master. He was a League referee and was honoured with a Cup Final, but Meares is the only one who played serious football—and that was not in a very high amateur class.

Joe kept goal for Richmond Town and is now Chairman of that famous amateur organisation, Middlesex Wanderers, whose fifty odd years of existence have never included a home fixture—they play all their matches overseas. The qualification used to be that you had to have played for your country or your county, but that has now been relaxed.

BIG BUSINESS
Joe's father ran motor boats on the River Thames up and down stream from Richmond. He owned the Richmond Theatre and big gravel works on the Grand Union Canal at Rickmansworth, as well as a string of motor coaches. All those concerns are now big business, and as travelling them as well as travelling the world on behalf of Soccer. No wonder that he collapsed from overwork on the big night of his life—Chairmanship of the Dorchester Hotel dinner which duly celebrated Chelsea FC's Jubilee and the winning of their First Division One Championship.

For Mr. Meares is also Chairman of Chelsea. His father, as a hobby—as if he did not have enough to do—bought Stamford Bridge, and there can be no more valuable ground site at the moment than this enclosure in the centre of the West London. During the War Joe was in the air force over six feet tall and is big with it, joined the Royal Marines and finished as a stalwart captain.

Seven hundred people sat down to the Dorchester dinner, and the cost to Chelsea is nobody's business. But it was not all. Over 300 VIPs were at the Chelsea-Newcastle match which preceded the function. It was the annual FA Charity Shield game between cupholders and League champions, and as it was for charity Chelsea had to buy 300 of their own guinea grand stand tickets to accommodate their guests.

Answers To Sports Quiz

- Four. The opening game against Worcester and the first, second and fifth Tests.
- A tennis ball. It has been timed at 131 m.p.h.
- None.
- Robert Cohen of France.
- (a) Billard (b) Horsemanship (c) Cricket
- (a) English (b) Ecuadorian (c) Canadian.
- (a) Sam Snead (b) John Dwyer (c) Bill Tilden (d) Geoff Duke.
- 70th.
- Ice Hockey.
- Boxing. Rules laid down by the Marquess of Queensberry. Awards donated by Lord Lonsdale.

The Local Rugger Season Should Be One Of The Most Interesting In Years

Says "PAK LO"

Once again on hot afternoons the air resounds to the thump of leather boots against an oblate pigskin, and men of heroic proportions propel themselves pantingly up and down a pitch in an endeavour to reduce their sweating bodies to more sylph-like shapes.

Thus slowly and surely do the many rugger enthusiasts train themselves to a fighting pitch in readiness for the new season, which is now almost upon us.

At the end of last season mention was made in this column that many changes could be expected in this year's fixture list. And such is indeed the case.

The Army, feeling that last season they swept them too easily, have agreed to field two teams viz. Army North, and Army South thus in the second half of the season the Pentangular Tournament becomes the Sextangular Tournament.

CUSTOM

In previous years it has also been the custom for half of the season to be devoted to "friendly" matches between the teams entered in this second half tournament. The usual result of this has been that by the time the Pentangular Tournament started most players and spectators had a fairly good idea of which team would emerge the victors, and thus part of the interest in the Tournament was detracted from it.

It has therefore been decided, and wisely, in my opinion, to open up the first half of the season by cancelling the old "friendly" and splitting up the major teams. As a result the Army will field four teams, the Gunners, 27 Brigade, HK & K Garrison, and 48 Brigade. The Club will field two teams, an "A" and a "B", both of approximately equal strength, while the RAF will split itself into RAF Mainland, and RAF Island. The Navy and the Police, not having sufficient players to regularly make two full sides, will each enter a single fifteen.

Ten teams will therefore appear in the pre-Christmas matches, each team playing every other team once. To accommodate the resultant rush of games, the fixture list has been arranged so that five games will be played each and every Saturday.

Definitely this promises a much more interesting display, and wider selection of games from the spectators' point of view, and makes the question of the Sextangular winner an open and debatable quantity.

MINOR GAMES

After the New Year the Sextangular will be the main point of interest, but there will be plenty of minor games as well. In case there are any doubts about the Army North being the much stronger team than the Army South, the vice versa let me explain the method of selection for either team.

An imaginary line has been drawn across the Colony, and all players whose units lie to the North of the line may only turn out for Army North, and similarly for Army South. There can thus be no question of switching players between the teams to enable one or the other to win the Tournament. In theory all the teams will be of equal strength, and though in practice this will probably not be the case, at least the Tournament will be more open.

The Police, for instance, will start this season stronger than they have been for some years and though they have lost one or two good men are knitting better together than before.

The Club, which for the last couple of years has sagged slowly down the Tournament Table, has at long last had an infusion,

one might almost say an injection of new blood, particularly in its weakest department, the backs.

The Club indeed is putting in the most intensive training it has done for ages, and there is a spirit abroad amongst the players which has been sadly lacking these last two seasons, and which bodes ill for their opponents.

In this connection I have been asked to mention that training nights are Mondays and Wednesdays, and anyone interested is invited to "come and have a bash." While still on the subject of the Club, mention must be made that after Christmas they will still retain two teams, and that the "B" team will be playing as regularly as the 1st XV.

SUGGESTION

The Navy once again claim to have a really good team, but the Navy are invariably unlucky and whenever an important game is on their itinerary most of their best players go off to sea.

The only suggestion I can make is that the fixture list be shown to the Commodore with the request that he rearrange his manoeuvres to fit in with the rugger.

The Army has of course lost many good players during the off season as some famous regiments have gone home, but they have received if anything more replacements than they lost. As I am rather shaky on the subject of which regiments belong to the Army North or South I would not like to be quoted as saying which is the better of the two, but what information I have received indicates that Army South has the slight edge over its opposite number.

The Army naturally hopes that one or other will take the honours in the tournament, but personally I think their hopes will be dashed.

Talking of the Army, I understand Keith Gerard has returned to the Colony with a new unit, and will probably be seen in action again this season. The RAF, while they have no outstanding stars, have a very strong team, and last week gave a team from the NZ ship Waratah a heavy going over, so they should once more be well in the hunt for the No. 1 position.

No visits are scheduled for this season, those great warriors the Fijians having returned to their own land, and even the Army Knockout Unit Competition Final will be held in Singapore. However there is always the chance that some XV will be invited up for a series of games. On the whole this looks like being one of the most interesting and best rugger seasons for a long long time, and spectators should have little to complain about in the way of exciting battles.

FIXTURES

Here now is the fixture list:
Oct. 8th. Club Probables v Club Possibles.
Oct. 12th. J. R. Hendersons XV v Club.
Oct. 15th. Gunners v RAF Mainland. Police v Navy. Club "A" v RAF Island. Club "B"

v 27 Brigade. HK & K Garrison v 48 Brigade.

Oct. 22nd. 48 Brigade v Club "A". Navy v Gunners. HK & K Garrison v Club "B". RAF Island v 27 Brigade. RAF Mainland v Police.

Oct. 29th. Club "A" v Navy. Club "B" v Police. 27 Brigade v Gunners.

Nov. 5th. Gunners v HK & K Garrison. RAF Mainland v 48 Brigade. Police v Club "A". RAF Island v Club "B". 27 Brigade v Navy.

Nov. 12th. Club v Wayfoong. HK & K Garrison v RAF Mainland. 48 Brigade v Police. Navy v RAF Island. 27 Brigade v Gunners.

Nov. 19th. Club "A" v Gunners. Navy v HK & K Garrison. Police v RAF Island. 48 Brigade v 27 Brigade. RAF Mainland v Club "B".

Nov. 26th. 27 Brigade v Club "A". Gunners v RAF Island. Club "B" v 48 Brigade. RAF Mainland v Navy. HK & K Garrison v Police.

Dec. 3rd. Club "A" v RAF Mainland. Club "B" v Gunners. Navy v 48 Brigade. Police v 27 Brigade. RAF Island v HK & K Garrison.

Dec. 10th. Club "A" v HK & K Garrison. Navy v Club "B". 27 Brigade v RAF Mainland. RAF Island v 48 Brigade. Police v Gunners.

Dec. 17th. RAF Mainland v RAF Island. 48 Brigade v Gunners. Gunners v 27 Brigade. HK & K Garrison v Navy. Club "A" v Club "B".

1956-SEXTANGULAR TOURNAMENT

Jan. 7th. Police v Army S. Club v Navy. RAF v Army N.

Jan. 14th. Rest of Colony v Rest of Services. CBE's XV v Dr. J. H. McElroy's XV.

Jan. 21st. Army S. v Navy. RAF v Club. Police v Army N.

Jan. 28th. Army N. v Army S. Navy v RAF. Club v Police.

Feb. 4th. Army S. v Club. RAF v Police. Army N. v Navy.

Feb. 11th. Club v Army N. RAF v Army S. Navy v Police.

Feb. 18th. Police v RAF. Navy v Club. Army S. v Army N.

Feb. 25th. Army N. v RAF. Club v Army S. Police v Navy.

Mar. 3rd. Police v Club Army S v RAF. Navy v Army N.

Mar. 10th. Army N. v Club. RAF v Navy. Army S. v Police.

Mar. 17th. Club v RAF. Army N. v Police. Navy v Army S.

Mar. 24th. Sevens qualifying rounds.
Mar. 27th. Sevens Finals.
Mar. 31st. Wayfoong v Club.

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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

NOW GEORGE, DON'T FORGET TO GO TO THE DENTIST
Suppose I'd better get it over
DENTIST
KERRRA
KERRRA
LET'S SIT IN THE TWILIGHT AND TALK LIKE WE USED TO BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED
COMPY, DEAR?
HUU HUU
GEORGE, CAN I HAVE SOME MORE MONEY?
WELL...
WE JUST PAID THE COAL BILL—IT'S VERY EXPENSIVE
SO MY SHOPPING
FUNNY, DEAR, BUT SITTING IN THE TWILIGHT ISN'T THE SAME AS IT WAS BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED

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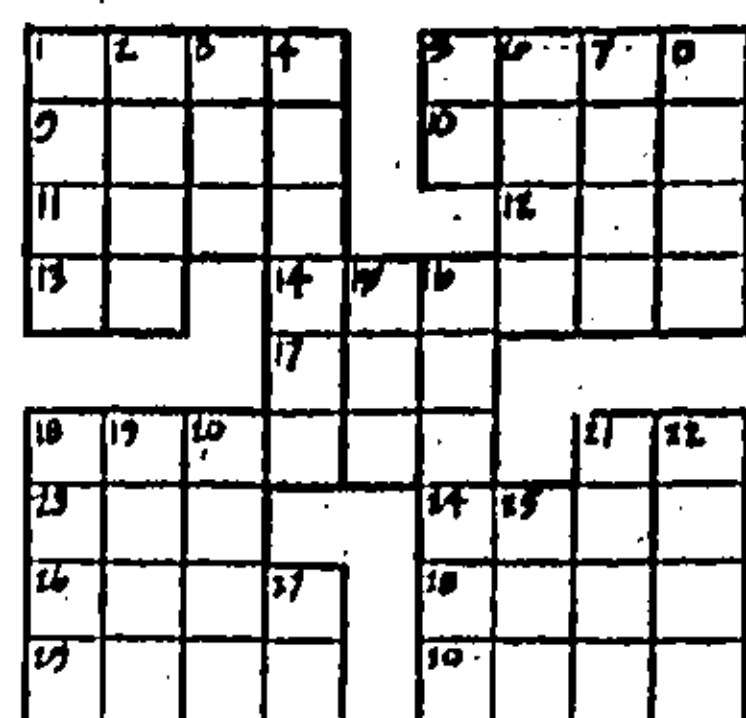


FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLES

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Pasteboard
- 5 Minstrel
- 9 Bread spread
- 10 Great Lake
- 11 Year between 12 and 20
- 12 Eternity
- 13 Compass point
- 14 Handled
- 17 Unit of weight
- 18 Rounded
- 21 Musical note
- 23 Native metal
- 24 Arabian gulf
- 26 Flower
- 28 Sharp
- 29 Italian city
- 30 Withered

DOWN

- 1 Folding beds
- 2 On the sheltered side
- 3 Scottish sheepfold
- 4 Clive
- 5 Exist
- 6 Scope
- 7 Turnout
- 8 Low sand hill
- 15 Negative word
- 16 Moves furtively
- 18 Ripped
- 19 God of love
- 20 Pause
- 21 Sidelong glance
- 22 Girl's name
- 25 English river
- 27 Early, English (ab.)

TRIANGLE

Today's triangle is based on a PATTERN. The second word is "mother"; third "light touch"; fourth "endure"; fifth "sticky substance"; and sixth "subdue". Finish the triangle from these clues:

P
A
T
T
E
R
N

PATTERN

VOWEL-LESS FLOWERS

Can you fill in the vowels which have been omitted from these flowers?

N _ L _ M _ N _
L _ _ NSY
N _ RC _ SS _ S
P H L _ X

CITY SQUARE

The Puzzleman says you must find the right starting point and then read each letter either up, down, back, or forth (but not diagonally) to find the six American cities he has hidden here:

S	O	B	H	I	C
T	O	N	G	A	
N	A	L	E	O	C
D	D	E	V	E	L
I	H	T	R	O	I
A	P	L	E	N	T
A	D	E	W	Y	O
L	I	H	P	K	R

(Solutions on Page 20)

Vanished Race In A Desolate Land

DURING the recent war one of the largest settlements ever found in the North American Arctic was excavated. It's on a sand bar 20 miles from the mainland of Alaska and 200 miles north of Bering Strait.

Today there is not a single tree on the area and practically no vegetation of any kind. There are constant gales at 30 degrees below zero. Where 250 Eskimos can barely find food today, an estimated 4,000 persons once lived.

Excavation began in 1939 by American and Danish museums. The town, comprising about 800 houses, turned out to be nearly a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide.

This civilisation has been called "Ipiutak," after the Eskimo name for the place. Though they may have been Eskimo in origin, there were many marked differences in their living habits.

The Ipiutak used a central open fireplace for heating while most modern Eskimos use stone lamps. No remains of sleds have been found, but a little pottery and little of the marine hunting gear—such as the harpoon—generally associated with present-day Eskimos.

The most prized possessions of these early Alaskans were buried with them: flint tools, needles and other objects. Many of these were so different from Eskimo things that the Eskimos inhabiting the region didn't know what they were.

Ivory animal carvings were uncovered. There were also many spiral-shaped carvings which the natives likened to a pretzel-type biscuit which Eskimos eat.

The Eskimos came from Asia and have been here at least 2,000 years. Where did the Ipiutaks come from? Presumably these mysterious people migrated to Alaska from farther south, perhaps across the Bering Sea or Arctic Ocean or, more unlikely, from somewhere on the Pacific coast.

—R. S. CRAGGS



The School Comes To Her Daily



ON A BEAUTIFUL lonely plateau in New Zealand lives a girl who waits for school to come to her every day. Kathryn rides out on her pony to meet the mail truck which brings her lessons for the day. Her "schoolroom" is her living room, where her mother often joins her while she studies. Although her life is isolated, it's comfortable in a modern home. And although she has few playmates, there's lots of tobogganing to be done on the beautiful mountain slopes around her.

Glamourise Your Jewellery

INSTEAD of throwing away old, tarnished pieces of metal costume jewellery, try transforming them into glamour get-ups with the help of ordinary enamel or oil-base paint. You'll be surprised at how pretty they will look. What's more, you'll need very small amounts of colour.

Start by preparing the paint bath. This requires any deep tin, such as one that used to contain family-size amounts of fruit pulce. Fill it with water. Then pour a little paint on the surface. It will float.

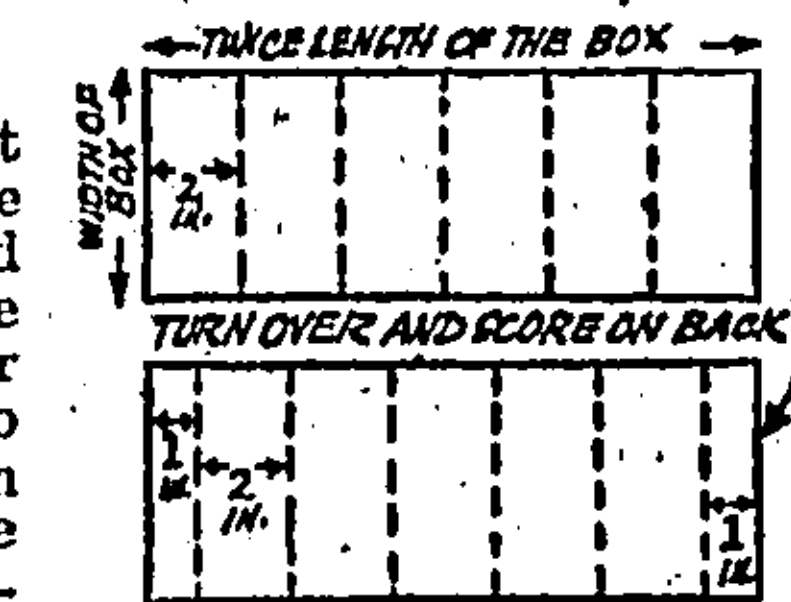
Next, tie your pieces of jewellery—which might be a simple earring—to a piece of string, and drop the ornament below the film of paint. Bring it up through the colour—and enough will cling to it to cover the piece completely. Then tie the string's other end to a convenient horizontal bar—such as a towel rack or the shower curtain ring, until it is quite dry.

Other items, of course, such as necklaces and earrings, can be painted in this manner. And if you don't want the catches, screws and

such to be covered by the paint, all you do is shield them with adhesive tape first.

For unusual effects, you might try cutting small diamonds, triangles or squares of such tape too, and attach them where desired before dipping the jewellery. Don't remove the masks, of course, until the paint is quite dry. It's also a good idea to cover rhinestones and the like with adhesive tape as well.

Don't be hesitant about applying paint to favourite pieces because you're afraid that "mistakes" will be difficult to remove. For there's an easy way to do this. Place such jewellery in an air-tight tin, such as one that contained vacuum-packed coffee. Add a few tablespoons of lacquer thinner. Replace the lid. Seal it with Scotch tape. Twenty-four hours later you'll find



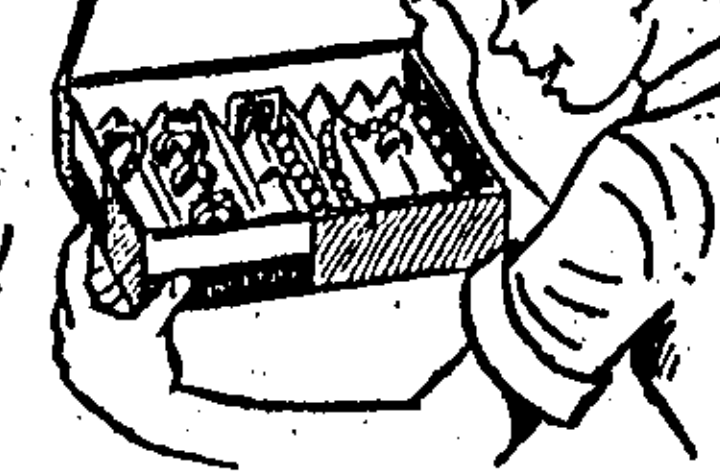
that the paint will be soft enough to wipe off. This is a good trick to remember if you're completely

3. Fold cardboard into an accordion fold.

...WITH SCISSORS, CUT NOTCHES FOR RINGS, BEADS AND PINS.



2. With point of SCISSORS and a RULER, score a heavy piece of CARDBOARD into 2-inch strips.



satisfied with your new painted accessories. For you can change the shade at will to match different outfits.

UNUSUAL INFORMATION

HIGH in the mountains on the boundary between Argentina and Chile is a huge statue called the Christ of the Andes. People from both countries can see it from many miles away; a giant figure of the Christ, His hand raised in benediction. It reminds them that once their countries were enemies, but that now they are friends.

Leonardo da Vinci conceived the idea of the aeroplane nearly 500 years ago, getting his inspiration from watching the birds.

There have been other disputes between the two countries since 1904, but there

has been no war. Perhaps the Christ of Andes has prevented it.

A comet's tail always streams out from the comet head in a direction away from the sun, so when a comet is moving away from the sun, its tail precedes its head.

In South America there are some ants which carry large leaves into their underground homes. In the dark, these leaves soon form a mould which the ants use for food. As the ants carry the leaves along the ground to the doorways of their homes, they look as if they were carrying parasols; hence, their name, the parasol ants.

The Cutty Sark is the only remaining clipper ship of the great sailing ship days. Built in 1870, the giant sea clipper is now a museum in England. The ship, once averaged 15 knots on a voyage from England to Australia, a record speed, in spite of an accident which damaged two of her masts. Although she set sailing records, the Cutty

Sark was the eventual loser in the battle with more dependable steam ships.

Michigan ranks 12th among the states in value of minerals produced.

There is still plenty of investigating to be done in the field of insect study. It has been estimated there are 10,000,000 species, of which only 475,000 species are known to science.



CHANGE A DOLLAR INTO FIVE

GET a large envelope—the long kind—and cut off a very thin strip around all the edges except the flap, where the glue is. The envelope will now be in two pieces.

Take the piece which has the flap attached and slip it into another long envelope of the same size, so that the flap of the first envelope lies right in front of the flap of the other. It should look like one envelope.

Now tell your Dad that you want to show Mother how you can change a \$1 bill into a \$5 bill. Ask him to lend you \$5.



Put the \$5 bill in the space between the two flaps. Drop it all the way to the bottom.

Now seal the two flaps together by moistening the glue on the uncut envelope. Now you and Dad call Mother and ask her to lend you a \$1 bill. Tell her you can change it into a \$5 bill.

Put the \$1 bill into that part of the envelope that has not yet been sealed and then seal it. Tell Mother that if she will pass her hand over that part of the envelope where the address would be placed if you were going to mail it, the \$1 bill will be changed into a \$5 bill. After Mother has passed her hand over the envelope, take a knife and cut the envelope open

by making an "x" with the knife where you would write the address. Do this in such a way that you will not cut the \$5 bill inside.

Now break open the cut and pull out the \$5 bill. Mother will be surprised, but don't tell her how the trick is done. She may want you to do it for her every day, but, of course, you can't do that unless Dad will furnish you with a \$5 bill every day!

Merlin's Up To Tricks

—He Makes a Car from an Old Alarm Clock—

By MAX TRELL

"IT'S an old alarm clock, it doesn't go any more," Knarf, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, was saying to his sister Hanid.

"Are you going to take it apart?" Hanid asked.

"Sure," said Knarf. "It isn't good for anything any more. It's just a lot of wheels."

On the table it was about ten minutes later. The old alarm clock was standing on the table. Knarf had just come back from the tool closet with a screw driver, a hammer and a pair of pliers. Hanid had pulled up a chair to watch the wheels come out.

"Oh dear," she said. "I do wish there was something we could do with that old clock."

"I'm going to watch it one. Watch out!"

"I still wish we could do something with that old clock," Hanid repeated.

Behind the Bookshelves

At that very instant who should come hurrying out from behind the bookshelves where he lived, but Mr Merlin the Magnificent Magician. He was pushing an empty baby carriage.

On seeing Knarf and Hanid, Mr Merlin stopped. He smiled, nodded good-morning, then suddenly his eyes lit up. "An old clock!" he exclaimed.

"It's broken," said Knarf. "It won't go any more."

"Mr Merlin," said Hanid. "Isn't there anything we can do with all the wheels and things inside that old clock?"

"Certainly," said Mr Merlin. "My boy," he said, turning to Knarf, "I wonder if you'd let me have the wheels and things inside that old clock?"

"I was going to take it apart," said Knarf.

"Give it a whack!"



Merlin, on hands and knees, was putting things together.

and rods and springs and strange little nuts and bolts went flying around the room. The face of the old clock looked as if it were smiling. Then the numbers went whirling around. A bell started ringing. It rang all around the room, up at the ceiling, down on the floor.

Knarf and Hanid covered their heads with their hands, for the wheels and things were falling like rain.

The Air Cleared

When the air cleared they saw Mr Merlin down on his hands and knees. He was putting things together in the greatest hurry.

"I'll have everything ready in a minute!" he said.

"What are you going to do?" Hanid asked.

"I'm making an automobile," said Mr Merlin. "Don't bother me, please."

Knarf and Hanid just gaped. "An automobile, Mr Merlin? An automobile?"

Fitted Them Together

Mr Merlin didn't answer. He scooped up handfuls of machinery from the broken clock and fitted them together. It was amazing what he did. In a minute... In a minute... he kept saying.

Then, finally, he crawled under the baby carriage with all the put-together wheels and attached it underneath. When he crawled out again he was smiling.

"It's done," he said. "We now have an automobile. Step into the carriage, please!"

Rupert and Dinkie—28



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Page 20 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

An Old Friend

THERE must have been poignancy in the encounter. Robert, strolling one evening along a quiet street in Paddington, saw, half-hidden in the rummage of a bomb-site, the outline of a car that he instantly recognised as one he had been employed to drive at the same time, months before, when he worked for a car-hire firm.

Robert, a tall, greying, donish man, ran as hard as he could to where the car stood. Willow-herb sprouted all round it, and the dust of London lay thick on the coachwork whose glossiness had once been Robert's pride. But a glance at the number-plate confirmed the car was his car, or the one he had thought of as his in his driving days.

IDENTITY CONFIRMED

"YOU poor old thing," Robert muttered affectionately, patting the car's flank, as a cavalryman might pat a former charger he discovers come down in the world. "You poor old thing, being left out like this."

For a moment or two, Robert wondered what he should do, technically the car was no longer any of his business. For all he knew, it might have changed hands and belonged now to someone who used the bomb-site as a garage.

He tried the door. It was unlocked. He looked inside. The ignition-key was in place. Robert slipped into the driving seat and went through the familiar motions of starting up. The engine answered promptly. Now Robert knew what he must do—restore the car to his late employers. He drove on to the road and set off. It was a strange feeling to be driving again, strange and wonderful.

SACRIFICE

HE had left the car-hire firm to go into business on his own account as a model making engineer.

Until this evening, he had not much missed his motoring, but now... as he drove towards the garage, the pangs of parting so soon with the car became acute. He decided to delay it for one day, and swinging the wheel round, he drove back to the bomb-site where he hedged the car down again.

For some days after that, he visited the car whenever he could and took little drives in it at the end of his working day. Each evening when he went for it, he expected to find the car gone, but it was always there awaiting him.

He came to think of the car as his, and one day, for he needed money, reluctantly decided he must sell it.

A PASSION FOR CARS

ROBERT took the car to a garage. "Let's have a look at the log-book," the garage owner said. When Robert could not produce one, the garage man rung up the police.

At Marlborough Street, Robert pleaded guilty to receiving the car, knowing it to have been stolen—it had been reported stolen three months before the date he claimed he had found it.

The story was told to Mr. Clyde Wilson and then Mr. Charles Morgan, the probation officer, went into the witness-box.

"I think at first this man did intend to restore the car to its owner," Mr. Morgan said, "but his passion for cars is so great, that in the end he couldn't bear to part with it."

"Thank you," said the magistrate, and turning to Robert said: "I shall discharge you conditionally, but you must pay £22s. costs."

Robert nodded, and went slowly away, to return to his Lilliput world of models on the foot. The car was restored to its owner and driven off, its engine running sweetly, as things mechanical do that have been lovingly tended.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION.

1. ENVY Green Greek Alibi Left foot
2. Sooty Black Black Black Black
3. Sooty Black Black Black Black
4. Sooty Black Black Black Black
5. Sooty Black Black Black Black
6. Sooty Black Black Black Black
7. Sooty Black Black Black Black
8. Sooty Black Black Black Black
9. Sooty Black Black Black Black
10. Sooty Black Black Black Black

BUENOS AIRES CELEBRATES

Lonardi Receives Xmas Mail An Unprecedented Welcome To City

Buenos Aires, Sept. 23. More than 500,000 cheering people thronged the streets of Buenos Aires today to greet their new President, General Eduardo Lonardi.

He arrived by air from Cordoba, 430 miles northwest of the capital, to be sworn in as the successor to President Juan Peron whose nine-year-old regime was toppled by General Lonardi's rebel forces on Monday.

Peron himself was still reported to be aboard a Paraguayan gunboat outside Buenos Aires awaiting a safe conduct from General Lonardi.

Reliable sources said he will not be allowed to leave until he has signed documents handing over his reputed fabulous wealth here and abroad.

Strong security precautions were in force before the arrival of General Lonardi, 59, father of five children. Leading supporters of President Peron, including members of the now disbanded Congress were rounded up. Troops guarded strategic points.

Peron in his heyday never attracted a crowd comparable to that overflowing the Plaza de Mayo as General Lonardi, called Peron's pink-walled Government House to occupy his vacant seat.

The crowd broke into deafening cheers as he appeared on a balcony before taking the oath of office at two o'clock this afternoon.

MOBBED BY REVELLERS

The streets below were decked with flags and the navy steamed into port from the river Plate for the celebrations. Uniformed men in the streets were mobbed by revellers.

Traditional military marches displaced Peronista hymns and the solo emblems seen were the Argentine flag and coat of arms. People sported the Argentine blue, white, blue colours in their buttonholes.

General Lonardi, in his first presidential speech, promised to sign a concordat (convention between the Pope and a secular government) with the Vatican. He also said he would scrap a government granting concessions in Argentina to the Standard Oil Company of California.

Addressing the crowd from the balcony of Government Palace General Lonardi was cheered loudly and often interrupted by wild applause. The crowd booed when Lonardi mentioned "the dictator who preceded me at the Government Palace."

General Lonardi said his government would only remain in power so long as the circumstances demanded. He said his government's programme would be simple: The reign of right and justice. He said he would try to eradicate injustices.

General Lonardi said his government would call on men of recognised honesty and efficiency to settle difficult problems. In the economic field, he said, he intended to stop inflation, reduce public expenses to the strict minimum and defend the currency. He said his government would respect existing treaties.

PRESS FREEDOM

General Lonardi said no country in the world would enjoy a more complete freedom of the Press than the Argentine, from now on. He said no sanctions whatsoever would be taken against those who criticised his government's actions, and he explored the state of affairs where a standardised Press did nothing but praised the regime.

Xmas Mail LATEST DATES FOR POSTING IN HONGKONG

The Acting Postmaster General, Mr. A. G. Crook, announced today the latest dates for the posting of surface letters and parcels from Hongkong to ensure delivery in overseas destinations by Christmas Day.

The dates of posting have been fixed in accordance with the latest dates of arrival advised by the countries concerned and suitable shipping available. The dates are provisional, however, and are liable to alteration at short notice.

These are: West Africa—October 10 for parcels and October 20 for letters; South America—October 20 for parcels and November 21 for letters; Europe (except the United Kingdom)—November 1; Great Britain—November 5 for parcels and November 17 for non-dutiable letters; Northern Rhodesia—November 5; South Africa—November 5 for parcels and November 21 for letters; Canada—November 12; Egypt—November 17 for parcels and November 26 for letters; East Africa, Honolulu, Mauritius, Nyasaland and Seychelles—November 21; Australia—November 22; India—November 25; Aden, Ceylon and Pakistan—November 26; Indonesia and Thailand—December 6; Federation of Malaya and North Borneo—December 7; Manila—December 11; Japan—December 14; and Singapore—December 15.

The Acting Postmaster General said that it will be of great assistance to Post Office staff, in view of the heavy mails expected, if the public will post early and not leave their postings until the final dates.

Adenauer To Meet Freed Prisoners

Bonn, Sept. 23. Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, plans to drive to Friedland Refugee Camp, on the East-West German border, to welcome the first major transport of German prisoners of war released as a result of his recent talks in Moscow, an authoritative Government source said today.

The exact date and time of arrival of this first transport is not yet known.

The Government source said that despite investigations the Government had failed to confirm German Press reports that the first major transport had already arrived at Frankfurt-on-Main on the East German-Polish border.—Reuter.

SLAIN NEGRO Two Men Acquitted By US Jury

Sumner, Mississippi, Sept. 23. Two white half-brothers were acquitted today of murder charges in the "wolf whistle" slaying of a Chicago Negro they accused of offending a white woman.

The 12-man jury deliberated one hour and nine minutes before returning the verdict.

The men, Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam, were charged with slaying Emmett Till, 14, and dumping his weighted body in a river after they suspected him of whistling suggestively at Bryant's wife.

The men still face kidnap charges and a \$100,000 damage suit growing out of the Till slaying.—United Press.

RED SOX HALT N.Y. YANKEES

Boston, Sept. 23. The Boston Red Sox temporarily halted the New York Yankees from clinching the American League pennant today when they beat the league leaders 8-4 in the opening game of a day-night double-header.

The Yankees still could clinch the pennant tonight by beating the Red Sox.—United Press.

Rediffusion

11.30 p.m. Luncheon music: 2. Old time ballroom with Sydney Thompson and his Orchestra; 3.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 4.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 5.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 6.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 7.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 8.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 9.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 10.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 11.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 12.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 1.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 2.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 3.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 4.30. Ballroom of modern music: Tony Hall and his Orchestra; 5.30. 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